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NOTES.

The sudden death of M. Félix Faure should give pause to the violence of the attacks on France and all things French lately indulged in with such freedom by all sorts and conditions of men and journals in this country. Chivalry, even decency, should subdue every feeling into sympathy with a people whose manifold misfortunes springing from the things of men are now complicated by "the things of the gods, which we must bear." M. Faure may not have been a great President; he certainly was not a great statesman; but he played the part of figure-head far from badly, and that, in the circumstances of his life, is no small tribute to the man. It may be a serious thing to lose even a figure-head. Surely, in the time of a neighbour's bereavement, it is much better taste to stand by and watch in silence than to be speculating as to the succession.

In the meantime, it is satisfactory to record the evident growth of friendly relations between the English and French Governments. The excellent taste shown in the omission from the Queen's Speech of all reference to matters of controversy is the kind of thing which appeals at once to the French appreciation of tact shown in international relations. The publication by the "Figaro" of a courteous and sensible letter from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman can only do good, and we shall not cavil if our neighbours are inclined to overestimate its importance at the present moment. The sympathetic and sensible attitude of the French Ambassador is tending to increase the probability of a near settlement of many vexatious differences.

The statements concerning the progress of negotiations regarding the Nile Valley, though somewhat premature, bear out the indications we were able to offer on the matter some weeks ago. Agreement on the main principle having been arrived at, the appointment of a Boundary Commission is hardly more than a question of time, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal may be definitively ruled out now from the catalogue of questions likely to lead to serious collisions. The French have a right to ask for free access to the great waterway, and it is not the policy of this country to prevent it. The approaching settlement of this matter, a short time since so threatening, promises well for the equitable adjustment of others.

The Ottoman Government is evidently preparing for every eventuality in the Balkan Peninsula. According to rumour, large purchases are being made of arms, horses, and stores. The danger is that the almost insane fears of the Sultan may lead him to inflame racial passions in order to promote massacres, Albanians in Macedonia playing the part of Kurds in Armenia. Whether the warnings of Russia and Austria will be sufficiently potent to restrain the mutual jealousies of the Christians is doubtful. Clearly it is more than ever the duty of English sympathisers with the "Macedonian cause" to restrain exhibitions of zeal untempered with knowledge.

Lord Justice Chitty's death removes from the Courts one more—almost the last—of the judges who could claim consideration on any ground except that they were judges. During the week of the University Boat Race Sir Joseph Chitty was almost as great a figure on the Championship course as in Chancery Court No. 1. It is not very easy to infuse life into Chancery proceedings, but Mr. Justice Chitty did it. His was certainly the liveliest of the Chancery Courts—nor was it the least learned. He knew his law, his own mind, and something of men and women. There are plenty of accomplished lawyers to succeed him—the Bar never lacks for able and pleasant men—but none the less it will be almost impossible to fill the place of Lord Justice Chitty.

Mr. Swift MacNeill's eminence as a constitutional authority, kindly ascribed to him by Mr. Arthur Balfour, depends, to a certain extent, upon his apt quotation from greater authorities. In illustration, we note his question in the House of Commons suggesting that in such cases as Whitmarsh's, Lieutenant Wark's, and Nurse White's, the judge should have a discretion of either pronouncing the death sentence or merely recording it. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen is the real author, and the suggestion, therefore, has the advantage of his authorship. But we are not surprised that the Attorney-General referred the question to the Home Secretary. A better definition of murder is required, and in this connexion the proposed Bill of Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., "The Constructive Murder Abolition Bill," must be considered. The circumstances of the cases where the judge might exercise his discretion would need carefully specifying. By a better definition many cases now treated as murders would be reduced to manslaughter.

There is some misunderstanding of the Lord Chief Justice's speech at Kingston. The Bill which he intends to introduce relating to the taking of secret commissions will not be concerned merely with such illicit transactions as have come prominently into notice of late in connexion with company promoting, but with many other forms of bribery and corruption which infest business life. Lord Russell's address was given at the opening of new technical schools, and there was no such incongruity, as has been supposed, in his choosing the topic he did. He was no doubt thinking of the statement of his coadjutor in this matter, Sir Edward Fry, who more than two years ago said, in writing of business corruption and bribery generally: "Lastly, but not least, bribery riddles, makes hollow and unsound, a great deal of business, including transactions in which the professions of engineers and architects are interested." The new element introduced into the law would render the giving and taking of illicit commissions a misdemeanour. The genesis of this is in suggestions made by correspondents to Sir Edward Fry in 1896, and he and the Chief Justice have had the question before them since that date.

The two great medical corporations of England, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, have always maintained a fine standard of culture, and Sir William MacCormac, in his Hunterian oration on Tuesday, upheld the best traditions of his college. Recurring tributes to the memory of great Englishmen are more than an efflorescence of our civilisation; they at the same time stimulate the best side of our pride of race and stir existing generations to emulation of the past. Such tributes are the modern representatives of that ancestor-worship which played so great a part in the dawn of modern civilisation, and, granted that the subjects are worthy, the sumptuous repetition of well-known details acquires some of the emotional value of a ritual. Hunter's fitness to become an historical demi-god of science is indubitable; there is no English name in surgery to be placed on a level with his; and in zoology, perhaps, Darwin alone can stand by his side. Sir William MacCormac insisted, perhaps unduly, on Hunter's isolation from the eclectic interests which are the stamp of what we now call "culture." But "culture" is a possession more common in mediocrities than in the great; too often it is the imitative tribute of the unoriginal to their betters. At the best it is a grace of individual life, and not a legacy from one man to all posterity.

The apostles of general disarmament will hardly draw much comfort from the discussion on the German Army Bill in the Budget Committee of the Reichstag. General von Gossler contended that foreign respect for Germany, the great guarantee of peace, could be secured only by the empire's getting ahead of other countries in technical equipment, and especially in the matter of artillery. The proposed increase of batteries is from 494, the existing number, to 574. The present number of field guns to an army corps in Germany is 126, while in France it is 138, and in Russia 128. These are the views of the Government, and in practice the only views that count.

In an excellent lecture at the United Service Institution Major May laid down elaborate details as to the choice of artillery positions. The question is, however, mainly one of common-sense. In practice there is rarely any choice. Ammunition supply is a vital point, imperfectly realised in our army. At the last manoeuvres one waggon accompanied each battery—a proportion calculated to give staff officers a false impression of what artillery really is. The suggestion that it would be preferable at manoeuvres to place all the artillery on one side for each fight is a novel one, and, though it has disadvantages, is worth trying. The side with the guns would be on the offensive, and the spare batteries would park guns and use limbers to represent waggons.

The new departure in the direction of interchanging English and colonial troops is more than a move in

military organisation. It should help forward imperial consolidation, and encourage colonial recruiting. There are unfortunately many difficulties to be overcome before such a plan can be generally adopted. One is, that, although the great colonies have large militia forces, the number of permanent troops is so small that it would be impossible to exchange complete English units; and to send a squadron of cavalry or detachment of infantry so far away from their headquarters would not be conducive to efficiency. For instance, the permanent troops of Canada only include two troops of cavalry and four companies of infantry; and in the Australian colonies the numbers are still less.

We hear much of submarine boats just now; much both for and against them; but what we want are practical tests as to their value by practical men in our own service. At present there is no sign of any opportunity being given to our officers to ascertain what these boats are capable of. If boats of this class are to be encountered, the Admiralty is unwise in withholding experience which would enable submarine attack to be understood and guarded against. These boats may have to be reckoned with in all future naval operations, and may possibly dictate a change of tactics. If the material for experiment were available, valuable lessons might be learnt during the annual manoeuvres.

Captive balloons have been tried as a means of detecting boats under water, but failed when the boats were painted the right colour. Balloons, therefore, are valueless for this purpose, and their use at sea can never be so great as on shore; nevertheless, there are cases where they might prove serviceable. The French recognise this fully, and experimented with them satisfactorily long ago. For observing movements on land, and especially during a blockade, circumstances might easily arise when advantage could be taken of ballooning apparatus. During the manoeuvres of 1888 three cruisers ran the blockade from Berehaven, and obtained such a good start before their departure was discovered that they held the principal towns of Scotland to ransom. Would this have been possible if a captive balloon had enabled the blockaders to see over the island? The Admiralty leave everything in the way of initiative to officers themselves, who have a natural reluctance to put forward ideas which may probably be condemned as fads. Continental nations seldom neglect to put every invention brought forward as adaptable for warlike purposes to searching tests, and encourage their officers to make experiments.

In a recent report the United States Consul at Alexandretta drew the attention of his countrymen to the growing demand for machinery for windmills in the province of Aleppo. It is greatly to be regretted that British manufacturers seem to be quite ignorant, not only of the demand for such machinery in Syria, but of the far more important market presented by Russia in Europe. From the extreme flatness of the greater part of the country, the current of the rivers is so slow that water-mills are frequently constructed only with the greatest difficulty. There is in consequence a great demand, especially in remote rural districts, for simple machinery, the motive power for which can be supplied by wind or oxen. Our German and Belgian competitors are well aware of this fact, and are sending out large quantities of simple and inexpensive machinery specially constructed to meet the requirements of districts in which capital is rare, and skilled machinists, competent to deal with complicated machinery, are almost unknown.

We cannot say that we are surprised, though we should wish to be, at the result of a number of prosecutions instituted by European houses against Japanese trade-mark pirates. In each case the decision has been in favour of the pirate. Until the beginning of last year there was no remedy for this kind of thing, because foreigners could not obtain the registration of their trade-marks in Japan. When the privilege was conferred, the foreigners proceeded to take the infringers

of their rights into Court. The law is a trifle ambiguous, and it is really not quite certain whether it is retrospective in its action or not. At any rate, no foreigner has been able to secure an injunction even against the most flagrant of his Japanese imitators. The fact is not so aggravating as the line taken in justification. Many goods of Japanese manufacture, argue the natives, bear trade-marks similar to those used by foreigners, and these marks have been of great assistance in competing with goods of foreign manufacture. "By this practice the Japanese have been able to make considerable profits, to the detriment of their foreign competitors, and if such marks were pronounced invalid, Japanese manufacturers would suffer heavy loss, and the commerce of the country would be seriously interfered with. This decision is, therefore, of immense importance to the Japanese." This is not a fanciful statement: the observations are those of the "Jijo Shimpo," one of the leading newspapers in the country.

No essential change in the position round Manila is likely until the American reinforcements arrive. Meanwhile the Americans, under General Miller, have bombarded and captured Iloilo. It does not seem to have been a very deadly enterprise, for the Filipinos left the town in haste as soon as the American forces began to land. But General Otis knows his business, and means to carry it through in a workmanlike manner. In this respect he contrasts favourably with the politicians at Washington. It is mere time-serving for the Senate to pass the McEnery Resolution affirming that the United States have no intention to annex the Philippines permanently. The Resolution is simply the outcome of a manoeuvre to secure the necessary vote upon the Paris Treaty. The reputation of Mr. McKinley's Government, indeed, is like to disappear altogether in view of the report on the War Office maladministration. It is an astounding scandal to find the officials who were responsible for the gross irregularities and mismanagements during the late war carefully whitewashed, while a plain-dealing soldier like General Miles is discredited.

The report, however, is a good object-lesson to the people of England. It will show them how the bosses work the "machine," and how unscrupulous, even when his own country is concerned, the Washington politician can become. And there are signs that we shall receive another object-lesson very soon as to the real nature of the sudden great affection which America is said to have developed for England. The Anglo-American Commission is struggling to arrive at an agreement, but the process has not, so far, been characterised by an overwhelming desire on the part of America to deal generously with Canada. It would not be a great surprise to those who know the character of the Washington politician if the report that a failure is now practically assured proves to be true.

The most remarkable thing about Sir Robert Giffen's Royal Colonial Institute address on the expansion of the Empire was a naïve confession that he would have been better pleased had there been no empire to expand. As the Manchester School did not succeed in casting off the colonies, he is prepared to tolerate the connexion and to talk platitudes about a mission from which he and his economic friends have found it impossible to save the British race. Even Sir Robert Giffen's imagination, however, seems to have been touched by contemplation of the strides made since 1871. Why he should go so far back, unless his object be to refuse credit to those to whom it is due, we cannot imagine. The imperial awakening of the British peoples was inspired by Lord Beaconsfield, and the chief advances made during the reign of Queen Victoria began with the Government which took office in 1874.

On one point Sir Robert Giffen landed himself in a logical dilemma. The record of prosperity on which he enlarged was qualified only in regard to the West Indies, which advance in population but decline in business. In combating an argument in favour of the

adoption of strong measures to defeat the bounties, he said that countervailing duties would be ineffectual because they would not increase the price of sugar. The admission cuts away the very ground from under the feet of the Cobdenites, the whole force of whose objections to countervailing duties is summed up in the interests of the consumer. That countervailing duties would give the colonies a preference in the markets of the Mother-country is indisputable. Such a preference would mean the purchase of West Indian sugar rather than German or French. We now have it on the authority of Sir Robert Giffen that this end can be attained without detriment to the consumer. The Cobden Club will have to gag Sir Robert if he is not to give their case absolutely away.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has taken a step which may become an important landmark in the history of the English Church. For the first time the "conscientious objector" to the existing ecclesiastical courts is to be seriously listened to. The Prayer-book constitutes the "Ordinary" the normal interpreter of the Rubrics; in case of doubt the Archbishop is to decide. Dr. Temple proposes to act in his statutory character as the final authority on disputed Rubrics. It is a bold experiment, and it may succeed. If the assertions of loyalty with which the most "advanced" ritualists have not ceased to accompany their extreme proceedings are really genuine, it can hardly fail that obedience shall be rendered to the decisions of a tribunal which is certainly spiritual, if it can hardly be described as canonical. The Primate's courage deserves applause, and we wish well to his experiment.

The ecclesiastical situation is certainly improving. The first Protestant apology has appeared in the "Times." Mr. Samuel Smith frankly acknowledges that he was misled by his authorities—the Church Association—into making an unwarrantable accusation against Ely Theological College. Surely Lady Wimborne will now repudiate the donkey-legend; and, to be quite just, the Dean of Lichfield will reconsider the evidence for his painful suggestion that Low Churchmen carry their contempt for the Prayer-book to the length of omitting the Consecration Prayer from the Communion Service. The Holborn Resolutions and the scandal-monger's "Secret History" might be appropriately united in a penitential burning of "vanities."

Sir Frederick Dixon-Hartland was right to be sceptical of Lord Valentia's assurances that no harm would accrue from sundry villages draining into the tributaries of the Upper Thames. That the villages which sent the deputation to the Conservancy should object to being debarred this privilege is perhaps natural enough; but the villagers' pockets cannot be the first consideration with all the world as with themselves. On the whole, we had rather that Headington were ruined than London and other towns on the Thames were poisoned. It is comforting to know that since the Act of 1894 the Conservancy has been able to materially purify Thames water, and that it does not intend to submit to these small but dangerous practices of pollution in various districts along the upper reaches. It is to be hoped that the much more considerable and scandalous pollution of the Wandle and Mole will also be checked once and for all.

Although little is heard of it on this side, the University education controversy excited by Mr. Balfour's letter is in full blast in Ireland. Two bodies, intimately concerned with the proposed changes, the Council of Belfast College and the Senate of the Royal University, have met, and it is significant that both unequivocally condemn the present system. The governing body of the Queen's College unanimously agreed, in their first resolution, that "the present provision for University education in Ireland is unsatisfactory," and although, at the Senate of the Royal University, the question was debated in private and the meeting adjourned, it is known that the majority were in favour of a resolution similar to that adopted in Belfast. This places those who protest against

"disturbing" the present satisfactory situation in an awkward position; for if the two great pillars of that system, the Belfast Queen's College and the Royal University, admit that it is not satisfactory, the onus is cast on them of producing a better scheme than Mr. Balfour's.

Once more the question of raising the age limit in the public elementary schools is coming to the front. Once more the operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire, even more than their employers, bar the way. Their action is unfortunate, and unfortunately natural. The more members of a family that earn wages, the greater the spending power of all. The half-timers are mostly quite as healthy and as happy as other children. Why lose their weekly contributions to the family fund? It can hardly be expected that the child's parent should look very far beyond immediate necessity; more might reasonably be expected from his employer. What might be described as the educational discovery of the day is that technical superstructure can stand only on a foundation of mental training. What, then, can be said educationally of a system which places the two side by side, instead of making one the base for the other? Even on the most rigorously material view, it is now recognised that education makes for the production of wealth; so that, in the long run, any saving that makes against real education is unsound economically. There is also the point of national faith. Are we never to redeem our promise to Europe that we would raise the minimum school age to twelve?

Mr. Courtney was quite in his element in addressing the students of the London School of Economics. The philosopher lecturing the young is quite his rôle; and when so happy as in a scientific environment, where life and affairs try to settle down into the rigid perfection of abstract theory? And it must be admitted that the wise man was not wanting to the occasion. But the record of the London School of Economics is an easy thing to dilate on after dinner; for there is no room for anything but praise. If there are subjects on which the average man needs to be taught to think, it is those of which he is satisfied that he is master by the light of nature. Among these certainly is politics.

Few men's judgment on the minister-director question will be affected by the division in the House on Wednesday last. The judgment of the great majority of those not interested undoubtedly is that, other things being equal, it would be better that no minister, or indeed no member of Parliament, should be a director of a public company, but that such a counsel of perfection could be attained only at a cost too great for the gain. Mr. Balfour's argument that the abolition of the director element in the Ministry would leave others yet more dangerous is not very convincing; but his point that it must necessarily deprive either business or public life of many of the best and ablest men cannot in our view be got over. The great man is the great thing in public life; and the great man tends to be great in everything, in industrial and commercial life as in that of the State. The loss to the community by the exclusion from office of some of the best of those whom personal calibre brings to the front in industrial matters would, we believe, more than counterbalance the gain from their absence whose industrial position is due to supposed eminence in something non-industrial. Mr. Balfour is to be congratulated on throwing over that *réchauffée* of political dialectic, "the stake in the country."

We should like to feel satisfaction, but we cannot help confessing rather to alarm, at the prospect of two more statues from the County Council. Is "Boadicea" to be the artistic standard? Is the work to be tendered for? How is a sculptor to be selected? And apprehensions do not stop there. History comes in as well as art. Are the inscriptions to be as misleading as that of the Marvel memorial? Will Chaucer find himself dubbed a Puritan because his statue is to be made simultaneously with that of Milton?

LORDS AND COMMONS.

MEMBERS of Parliament have shown what they think about the Debate on the Address by declining to listen to it. The Session is in the first exuberance of its youth, and M.P.s, after the long recess, are supposed to be hungering and thirsting to get to work. Yet the rambling discussion on things in general has already wearied them. They do not come down to hear the speeches, and hardly can be induced to vote. Less than half of them were present in the division on Mr. Labouchere's House of Lords Amendment, at the close of a full-dress debate, which involved a question of the highest constitutional importance. Legislators are really not to be blamed if they stay away from what has become, by this time, an intolerably useless function. It is a pity they do not go a little further, and impress upon their leaders the desirability of curtailing or abolishing it. But they do not yet seem to realise that the House of Commons as a Chamber for the Ventilation of Abstract Ideas is almost an anachronism. The Press and the Public Meeting have superseded it in this capacity. The time was when it was useful to get a subject talked about in Parliament, even if there were no possibility of legislating upon it. The process at least ensured that general attention should be directed to the matter. But in these days that is only one, and not by any means the best, method of reminding the elector—that is to say the average reader of the average newspaper—that he ought to apply his mind to some question of genuine or assumed public importance. The House of Commons has spent the best part of an invaluable fortnight—a fortnight when everybody is fresh and full of going—in getting into print a series of oratorical essays on such topics as Land Tenure in Towns, the Position of the Scotch Crofters, British Policy in the Far East, the Veto Power of the House of Lords, and the right of Ministers to sit on the Boards of joint-stock companies. Some of the speeches were able, and some of the questions raised are interesting enough. But what good comes of all this debating-society business? What possible end has been secured, that would not equally well have been attained if Mr. Labouchere had delivered his oration in St. James's Hall, or Mr. Morton had put his in the form of an article for the "Fortnightly" or the "Nineteenth Century"?

One object, indeed, was served by the discussion, on Monday evening, of the anti-House-of-Lords Amendment. It revealed, more clearly than ever, the weakness and futility of the official Liberal attitude upon the question of "reforming" the Peers out of legislative existence. The struggles of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lawson Walton to slip out of the logical noose, which their remorseless Northampton ally threw over their necks, furnished Mr. Balfour with the opportunity for some brilliant "chaff." Mr. Labouchere, it is true, has the great advantage of knowing what he wants. He believes that a Second Chamber—particularly when it is composed of persons with titles—is a nuisance. Therefore he would like to get rid of it, once for all, by practically depriving it of all independent authority, and compelling it to say ditto to the House of Commons. This is not statesmanship; but it is at least Radical; it is "democratic," and it is intelligible. But Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is just as likely as not to be a peer himself one of these days, knows very well that hereditary rank, since it means an hereditary faculty for government, and in most cases an early and admirable training in affairs, is a most valuable element to keep in any political system. He is aware that a Second Chamber is essential to the smooth working of a parliamentary constitution, and that none has ever worked so smoothly as our own. To abolish the "veto" of the Lords would be to confer an enormously increased influence, not on the House of Commons, but either on the Crown, the Cabinet, or the Caucus. In any case, there would be a revolutionary change, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is too much of an official Liberal to desire revolution, or wish to disturb the balance of forces which renders the House of Commons even now the strongest representative Chamber in the world. All these are excellent motives for a Liberal

leaving the Peers alone. On the other hand, his party is committed, in a general way, to objecting to the House of Lords; and, in pursuance of the languid sentiment on the subject, which Lord Rosebery took over from Mr. Gladstone, the front Opposition bench on Monday felt itself called upon to dissent from Mr. Labouchere's honest root-and-branch proposal, and then to accept an amendment, which implies that something ought to be done to the Upper House, though nobody knows what.

The real gravamen of the charge which Liberals, who are not Laboucherians or sans-culottes, make against the Upper Chamber is that its complexion is permanently Tory. They would be content, they protest, if they had "equality of opportunity" in the two Houses—if they did not have to legislate with a "continuous, stereotyped majority" against them. There is something rather naïve in this unvarnished assumption that English politics ought to be formally carried on as a party game, and that it is not "fair" and sportsmanlike to give one team an advantage withheld from the other. If, however, the necessity and permanence of party divisions are accepted, one may admit that there is some force in the Liberal contention. But, after all, every good Second Chamber, hereditary or elective, tends to be "conservative," in the large and general sense in which that term is used in the United States and the Colonies; that is to say, it is opposed to hasty innovation and violent change. Second Chambers are "built that way;" that is what they are meant for—that is why they are wanted. Let anyone recall the eulogies which English constitutionalists like Maine, Bagehot, and Mr. Bryce have pronounced on the American Senate, because of the supposed possession of this very quality; a supposition the Senate's more recent record hardly goes to strengthen. It may be said that a cautious conservatism of temper need not mean a close adherence to one political party alone. The Peers might be moderates without proscribing the Liberal party. This is true; but it is the fault of the Liberals more than the Peers. The same causes which have made Conservatives of the majority of men in the Chambers of Commerce, the Stock Exchange, the Universities, and the professions have operated in the House of Lords. Liberalism, as moulded and transformed by Mr. Gladstone, turned Mr. Gladstone's own Whig Peers into Tories. It is an undoubted weakness in the position of the Lords that this should be the case. Tories, who thoroughly believe in the administrative and legislative capacity of the Upper Chamber, would be only too glad to see its parties more evenly balanced than they are at present. The consciousness of overwhelming preponderance causes the majority in the Lords to be unduly cautious in the exercise of their powers. They would act with a great deal more vigour if they had to encounter an effective Opposition, as perhaps they will when the present eclipse of Liberalism has passed away. But it should be remembered that the practical extinction of the party in the Upper House is a phenomenon of the last few years. There is no reason to suppose that it is so constant and unalterable as to furnish a valid argument for changes which would ultimately involve the reconstruction of our Constitution from top to bottom.

"L'AFFAIRE."

HOW difficult it is to gauge accurately the foreigner's view of his own affairs! Hence, many international blunders, for which the journalist is by no means without responsibility. The Dreyfus case is as good an example of this as our time has afforded. We read our newspapers, filled with extracts from Parisian journals, often of no high type, in which every infamy is alleged of distinguished Frenchmen—journals which in their land of origin command no sort of respect—and readily conclude that, on their own showing, French politicians are scoundrels, and that all Frenchmen talk and dream of nothing but l'Affaire. A more ludicrous misconception of the real situation there could not be. Grossly exaggerated as many accounts of Dreyfus riots have

been, they were not more exaggerated than the view we are invited to take of the ordinary Frenchman's interest in the case. The conversation of all classes in France does not turn naturally to that subject. There is more talk of it in the business man's train to London than among the same class in Paris. We hear every day of fresh plots to overthrow the Republic, but in France even the sudden death of the Head of the State has produced no such general feeling of insecurity as preceded the Coup d'état of 1851. Trade was never better, nor the general commercial tone more healthy. These facts are not as thrilling as many statements we hear on this matter, but they have the merit of being true. Literary men, journalists, and politicians in France love a prolonged and brilliant controversy, and we over-estimate the proportion they bear to the sum-total of national opinion. M. Cambon wisely pointed out the other day that relations between nations and individuals were based on the same principles, and that, therefore, it is wise to try to understand each other's general attitude. Daily comment upon the weakness or wickedness of our neighbours is hardly likely to be the means of leading to the good understanding we desire. There cannot be too strong condemnation of any system which may lead to an innocent person's conviction and punishment; but we hesitate to brand the leading men of France as guilty of hideous crime without extenuating circumstances.

It is now four years since Dreyfus was expelled from the army. Five Ministries have held office since that time, composed of moderate and advanced Republicans; but, when they came to grapple with the essential facts of the case, the persons responsible have sooner or later taken up much the same attitude. The latest development is the most startling. A Bill has been introduced, and has already passed the Chamber of Deputies, altering the procedure of the Cour de Cassation in all future cases, but evidently with a view to the Dreyfus matter alone. Nobody seriously affects to deny that it is a loi de circonstance. We may accept one of three explanations of this proceeding. Firstly, there is that of the Government, and of some serious journals like the "Débats," which ground their arguments on the report of M. Mazeau, the President of the whole Court, and his fellow-commissioners. The Criminal Chamber has been exposed, they say, for three months to a campaign of unexampled insult and misrepresentation; the judges would have been superhuman if they had altogether escaped its effects; it is, therefore, better for them and for the public that the whole Court should take part in the final decision. "At all hazards," says M. Dupuy, "that decision must be final." This is the view, not only of the Ministry, but of the highest judicial authority in France. Secondly, we are asked to believe that the corruption among French statesmen is so gross that, unless their colleagues, who have been ministers of war, are shielded from the due reward of their infamies, they will betray their partners in iniquity. This is the story of the baser Parisian press; it is startling and shocking, and is, therefore, eagerly reprinted by our own papers. Thirdly, we may assume that French ministries are composed of men and not monsters, fallible men, and possibly not always scrupulous politicians, but still human beings, and not likely to condemn a fellow-creature to undeserved punishment except for such grave reasons of State that they can invoke the dangerous maxim "*Salus populi suprema lex*" to cover their action. May there be some personage or some principle of policy involved, so vital to the stability of France that the sacrifice of one man may seem, in comparison, a small thing to those who are responsible for the conduct of the State? Situations have occurred before in history when individuals have been made to suffer for the supposed salvation of society, and it is conceivable that successive French ministries may have been face to face with such a dilemma. If so, their decision may have been deplorable, but their position demands more consideration than we English have given it. Burked inquiries are not peculiar to France; and if it is well that charity should begin at home, there is no reason it should not be continued abroad.

We do not defend the choice that has been made and the steps taken by these statesmen, but their difficulties may have been appalling. Again, the political class in France is not to be accepted as the highest or best, or most typical, of the nation at large. French ministries are largely composed of those who have graduated in journalism: smart writing may place a man in a position to negotiate treaties with Tsars, and hobnob with ambassadors. If any moral is to be drawn from the present condition of affairs—and we love over here to draw morals at our neighbours' expense—we think it was pointed long ago by the Great Napoleon when he said that literary folks and wits were delightful companions, but from them one should never select either a wife or a Minister. Saving some brilliant exceptions, the remark still holds good; and yet who could have shown more tact than M. Delcassé? or when was a debate conducted in more perfect taste than the last on Foreign Affairs in the Chamber of Deputies?

It is true the French are *des machines nerveuses*, but they possess resources of industry and courage which should command the respect of our countrymen, if their mobility startles us. If Dr. Johnson was right in saying that every nation owes its highest reputation to the splendour of its writers, the position of France is little short, if at all, of the highest. It is true that they might be better politicians if they were less brilliant, for it is certain that if we were less stupid we should be less free. A Dreyfus Affair may be impossible here; but, if so, we should thank the continuity of our traditions rather than flatter ourselves on our own rectitude. It is not with impunity that a nation cuts herself off from her past, and France may be tempted to-day to ask herself the question put by Renan exactly ten years ago, "Is the Revolution a failure after all?" But the rest of the civilised world, which owes to her more than it can ever repay in the realm of ideas, of art, and literature, should hesitate long before it brings an indictment against a whole nation.

CHINESE PROBLEMS.

THE "open door" is a policy which ought to appeal to every large-minded individual. That it has failed to secure the support of Continental Powers has been due to a not wholly unfounded belief that its net result is a monopoly of British trade. When doors have been kept ajar, it has generally been found that a vast preponderance of British goods passes through them; and rival nations have exhibited a by no means unnatural desire to get them closed again. Where full development has been permitted to the principles of Free-trade, however, satisfactory proofs have been afforded that the open door means equal opportunities to all. One need only instance the acute and increasing rivalry of Germany to demonstrate the truth of the assertion. When, therefore, at the commencement of a new Session, Ministers declare their intention to adhere to the policy of the open door in China, there appears at first sight to be every reason for congratulation. But the announcement inspires an altogether opposite feeling when it is discovered that the door has already been slammed to in various quarters of the Empire, and that the policy of the Government may lead to a system of give without take.

When we turn to the North of China we find the whole of the three Manchurian provinces filled with Russian Cossacks, and dominated by Russian influence. To all intents and purposes Manchuria has become Russian territory; a fact which we have been betrayed into recognising by an acknowledgment of Russia's right to prohibit a railway, which is to be built with British capital, from being pledged as security to the investors. At this moment there are nearly 13,000 Russians in the Liao-tung Peninsula, and the significant news was recently telegraphed that fifty per cent. of the reinforcements now being dispatched by Russia to the Far East consists of veterans in place of raw recruits. Peking lies practically at the mercy of Russia. Her naval base at Port Arthur and Talienwan is nearly eighty miles nearer than Wei-hai-wei to the Pei Ho, the first point of attack in an advance on the

capital; and while we are talking about the expense of fortifying our new acquisition, the Russians are strengthening their position in the Gulf of Pechili with feverish haste. Meanwhile, the same energy is being displayed by them in pushing forward the construction of the Trans-Manchurian railway, which in a few years' time will enable them to pour 100,000 men into Northern China. Germany and France are almost equally active within their chosen spheres. The former Power has obtained a monopoly of railway construction in the province of Shantung; while France is busy with schemes for the destruction of British influence in the South-West, and is making strenuous efforts, for political reasons, to secure a monopoly of the doubtfully lucrative trade of Yunnan.

An examination of the advantages which have been secured for this country by the British Government, and for which we wish to give due credit to Lord Salisbury, reveals the fact that, taking into consideration the enormous preponderance of our trade interests, the sum of their achievement falls far short of what should be the legitimate mark. It must also be admitted that, on closer investigation, the quality of the concessions is even less satisfactory than their quantity. In the first place, the Chinese Government have given a vague assurance that they will not alienate any territory in the Yang-tse Valley to another Power. The pledge is obviously worthless in the face of China's present helpless and dependent position. The question is purely one of comparative pressure; and if China is forced to break her word, redress must be sought, not from her, but from the Power by whom she has been coerced into a breach of faith. The lease of Wei-hai-wei is the second feather in the Government cap. Its value remains to be discovered, and is acknowledged to be dependent on the expenditure of large sums of money and on the maintenance of a strong garrison. The British taxpayer would be less opposed to the former were he able to rely upon the pursuance of a coherent, as well as of a more vigorous, policy in the Far East. To continue the list, an undertaking has been given that, so long as British trade predominates, the Inspector-General of Customs shall be an Englishman. There is a definiteness about this statement which places it on a higher plane than the non-alienation of the Yang-tse Valley; but feelings of natural exultation are damped by the consideration that, in all probability, long before any question of a successor to Sir Robert Hart is likely to arise, orders transmitted from St. Petersburg will be implicitly obeyed at Peking. The more solid achievements are the opening of fresh treaty ports, and the securing of various concessions to British capitalists. The French have long and obstinately opposed the opening of Nanning-fu as a treaty port, and the diplomatic triumph of Sir Claude Macdonald in having at last gained that point deserves the fullest recognition. There is less satisfaction in estimating the success which has attended British diplomacy in regard to railway construction in China. An important line is to be made by Anglo-German enterprise between Tientsin and Chin-kiang, by means of which the political and commercial metropolis of China will be placed in communication. But the Lu-han concession for a great trunk railway from Peking to the Yang-tse has been nominally handed over to a Belgian syndicate, whereas the details of the scheme have been so adroitly manipulated, that ownership and control of the line will remain in the hands of Russia and France.

This is the "open door" with a vengeance. In Manchuria, England submits to the dictates of Russia, and signs seals and delivers in black and white an acknowledgment that the British have no right to interfere with Chinese affairs north of the Great Wall. In other words, nothing short of an official recognition is given of the fact that Manchuria is Russia's sphere of influence. Almost in the same breath England acknowledges Russia's right of interference in the Yang-tse Valley; and the act which was peremptorily forbidden to us in the North is coolly committed by Russia in the British sphere, while the greatest maritime Power in the world stands by without an articulate protest, and permits herself to be bullied out of her just claims. It cannot be pretended,

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in the face of these facts, that the open door has been maintained, save at the expense of British interests; and the blindest politician must perceive that it has been shut in all parts of the Empire which are dominated by our Continental rivals. Consequently it is a mere fiction, which figures nowhere but in the oratory of the House of Commons, and which must sooner or later fall to the ground.

It is, unfortunately, no longer a question of the merits of an alternative policy. While our statesmen have been stumping about the country talking to ignorant audiences about the glories of universal commercial brotherhood, Russia, France, and Germany have been busily marking out their spheres of influence; and when the Foreign Office awakes to actualities, it will discover that, while the visionary schemes of the Government have been shedding their warm rays on the electorate, our sharper and more business-like neighbours have been making political hay in the Far East. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged, from a parliamentary point of view, that the open door forms a capital excuse for inaction. The present Government—one of the most powerful coalitions which have ever been formed in modern times—is characterised by a curious timidity. What is wanted in regard to Chinese affairs is a policy. There is no policy in the theory of the open door, which is now a mere shadowy phrase without practical significance.

The two factors in the situation which require immediate recognition are the existence of clearly defined spheres of influence and the expansion of Russia. The former should lead the Government to the formulation of a definite policy in regard to the Yang-tse Valley. As to the latter, we should wish to agree with Russia at the gate. How far is that compatible with inevitable expansion on both sides? The difficulty will probably be forced upon a later generation; but preparations must be made beforehand, and one must recollect that it would be with a great military Power on land that ultimately we should have to reckon. Possibly, in this eventuality, we might find France and Germany ranged on our side against the Northern Colossus; but the military power of this Triple Alliance will be insignificant in comparison with that of Russia, who will be in possession of her Trans-Siberian communications. In the meantime, private advices from Kashgar forecast the speedy acquisition of that strategic point—which forms one of the easiest routes to India from the northern side—by the Russians.

CIVILISATION AND MORALS.

WRITING last week of West African administration, we criticised the scheme proposed by Miss Kingsley in a way which her very interesting letter, printed elsewhere, describes as harsh. We are very sorry if it seemed so; for we wrote with the warmest admiration of Miss Kingsley's work; but from the facts which she supplies we draw conclusions other than hers. She holds that to produce good results in West Africa it is necessary to make a clean sweep of the existing machinery. We prefer to suggest such modifications of it as seem reasonable; but, upon the whole, we believe that the machinery will work if the object to be attained is clearly understood; and there is no one so well able as Miss Kingsley to help us to understand it. Our business in West Africa as a governing nation is to civilise; but, as Miss Kingsley says, What exactly is this civilisation? She defines it as a certain stage of perfection in arts and crafts; someone else has defined it, more philosophically we think, as progressive desire, defining a cause, perhaps, rather than a result. But in any case civilisation is not an affair of morals. It implies the observance of certain conventions, which mean a reasonable security to life and property; but it does not imply Christianity, it does not imply monogamy, and it does not imply temperance. If we make up our minds that it is our duty as a Government to Christianise Africa, we had better go and proselytise at the point of the bayonet, as in Mexico the Spaniards proselytised with the edge of the sword. But our Government has nothing to do with proselytising; its only duty in the matter is to see

that missionaries get a fair chance like its other subjects to go about their business in security. Its task is to civilise; and it cannot, if it would, civilise West Africa by the process of pouring in white settlers to take over the country and become the masters of the natives. West Africa is only a country for Africans, and how are we to bring it to that stage of perfection in arts or crafts which constitutes civilisation, and which results from progressive desire? The African has very few absolute needs, and all those are supplied to him by the country in which he lives in return for a minimum of exertion. Salt is the only necessity which we can furnish him at a much cheaper rate than he can procure it elsewhere. We who are civilised, and have more needs, want a great many things which his country can supply: rubber, ivory, and so forth. We need his products, in short, more than he needs ours. In order to get these, we must do one of two things: either force him to work as our slave in his own country, where white men cannot work—and this is a business from which our humanity recoils—or else induce him to work for his own sake by offering him attractive objects. In other words, the only possible means of introducing civilisation into West Africa is trade, and all the efforts of our Government there ought to be directed to the promotion of trade. Government is not philanthropy; it is business. Our people go to Africa to trade, not for the pleasure of it, but in the last resort, that women and children in England may have bread to eat, and the looms and forges may have work to do. The British Government, having made itself responsible for a part of Africa, is right to aim at promoting trade, because trade is a good thing for England, and certainly not a bad thing for Africa. The trader, as Miss Kingsley points out, is bound to desire the peace and prosperity of the people with whom he trades; and the business of Government is to see that there is peace in order that there may be prosperity; it is bound to provide that security which is the primary condition of civilisation. Justice is the one common basis of all civilisation, the one virtue which all men in all countries understand. If we make ourselves responsible for a country, we are bound to see that it is governed, that justice is administered. When there is a native power that can be backed up, as there is, for instance, in the Fulah States, let us by all means do as Miss Kingsley desires, and use the existing order. But where all native authority has been crushed and shattered, as we fear is the case on the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone, we are bound by our past mistakes to step in and administer the country directly through Englishmen, though not on the complicated system of English law.

But the essential thing is to get the object of Government clearly defined. We are not holding Africa as missionaries. If we were, the missionary has his duty to God, and we should be bound to subordinate all other considerations to the task of converting negroes to Christianity. Nor are we holding Africa as philanthropists, for the philanthropist has a duty to Man in the abstract and spelt with a capital letter. We are holding Africa primarily for the good of Great Britain, and the one class in Great Britain who can work Africa are the traders. The duty of Government is first to make trade possible by giving security; secondly, to have wider and longer views than the individual trader who aims at immediate profit. Thus Government ought to control the sale of spirits, knowing that these are goods which easily produce a market among savages, but prevent any further development—which check instead of stimulating the progress of desire for new comforts, conveniences, and luxuries. In the same way Government will be inclined to put money into railways, though a corporation of traders would not care to invest in so long-deferred a return on capital; and so on throughout. And in the meanwhile, if we send to Africa as magistrates or administrators men who prove themselves such as British administrators are proving themselves everywhere, those men will be teaching by their example the other side of civilisation—which means, as well as a progressive desire for the material appliances of life, an increasing desire for justice and an increasing hatred of cruelty. But these men will not be philanthropists. They will be people doing their work just

because it is the work of their service and of their race; and they will be directed to a definite end if the Government knows clearly what it wants in West Africa. It is not doing missionary work; but still less has it any business to aim at philanthropy. Religion can be depended upon as a permanent driving force, and has a definite end; but philanthropy is vague, flabby, spasmodic, and unscientific. The missionary, says Miss Kingsley in a formidable epigram, is one who would kill a man's body to save his soul; the philanthropist would kill his soul to save his body. He would gladly abolish polygamy by decree, heedless what became of the repudiated wives, and still less regardless of the intricate system of sexual morality based upon a practice perhaps old as man in Africa; but he bleats in Exeter Hall when white men shoot down Samory's marauders. A Government which wishes to civilise Africa cannot issue an edict that Africans shall become Europeans *per saltum*. It cannot make them moral according to our code, and it may easily disturb their own code of conduct. The best that it can do both for Europe and for Africa is, first, to open up Africa as far as possible to trade—which is the one motive, outside missionary zeal, that will always take white men there; and, secondly, to see that justice is done throughout its territories between colour and colour and between man and man, trusting for any further advancement to the infiltration of sound ideas. In that way it will arrive at a continuous policy and an intelligible procedure. If it educates the African, it will educate him, not for his own sake nor for the regeneration of the negro, but because to develop Africa, educated Africans are needed. And by educated Africans we do not mean clerks, but also artisans. The Basel Mission has by its technical schools made many things possible in West Africa that otherwise would never be done. Yet, besides artisans, functionaries are wanted and, if training can make men trustworthy, we do not see why an African staff could not be trained that should largely solve the customs difficulty to which Miss Kingsley refers. If Africans can be trusted to govern, as we think they can, and as Miss Kingsley implies, it ought surely to be possible to discover Africans who can be trusted to collect customs. Mr. Ferguson, the surveyor, who was killed by Samory's people in 1897, was surely a man to be trusted as well as one of great ability. If we are to make Africa work on a paying basis—and that is what we mean by civilising Africa—we must employ Africans in all the ways we can. But if Africa continues to be a vast laboratory for philanthropic experiments, as well as a field for business enterprise, the two aims will certainly conflict, as they have hitherto done, and continue to impede each other.

PROPOSALS FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE HOME ARMY.

I.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts made of recent years to perfect our military system, the home army, as at present distributed and commanded, cannot possibly be utilised to the best advantage for active service or even for peace manœuvres. On the assumption, however, that additional barracks are to be built, and that certain undesirable, though valuable, sites are to be sold, the force could, by a readjustment of the military districts, be organised into regular corps, divisions, and brigades like the other European armies. To accomplish this it is proposed to divide Great Britain into three great army corps districts under lieutenant-generals, with headquarters at Aldershot, Portsmouth, and York, each of which would have its divisional sub-districts under major-generals. It seems to be universally admitted that a great defect from which our army suffers is its system of centralisation, which, beginning at the War Office, runs right down to battalions and companies. Moreover, if independence and initiative are not practised by commanders of all ranks in peace-time, it cannot be expected that in war-time they will suddenly develop those qualities. But, although centralisation is thus condemned, the question has not as yet really been tackled: thus generals commanding districts are still not permitted to settle

many small matters which once they reach the central establishment are decided by some comparatively junior member of the headquarter staff—acting, of course, under the cloak of superior authority—who cannot possibly have the experience of the original district commander. The mass of official correspondence, too, has reached most alarming proportions. Reform could only begin at the very top, and authority in London should first be decentralised. This might be done by reducing the headquarter staff, and vesting most of its minor powers in the hands of three corps commanders, leaving, of course, in London a staff sufficient to perform the larger duties of supervising generally the whole British army. Divisional generals, brigadiers, and colonels commanding regiments might also be allowed freer hands. Before entering into details, it should be mentioned that Ireland has been left out of this scheme altogether, because, regular troops being in all circumstances required in that country, the Irish garrison could never be used elsewhere. This being so, it might be permissible to transfer to England three infantry battalions, say, from Dublin, Fermoy, and Kinsale, towards completing the three army corps. But with this slight addition, the regular troops in Great Britain would not be sufficient; and, in order to make up the deficiency, it would be necessary in some cases to employ the militia.

This arrangement might appear to demand an increase of general and other staff officers, but such need not be the case, for there are at present a number of colonels commanding regimental districts who perform duties which could equally well be done by officers of inferior rank; for, though a district colonel's work consists primarily in commanding his district, which includes dépôt, militia and volunteers, that officer, in addition to this important duty of general supervision, is at present himself in executive command of the dépôt, a position which it is quite unnecessary he should occupy. It is an anomaly that an officer of his rank should directly command four, often very weak, dépôt companies, and the militia permanent staff and recruits. If the dépôt major performed those duties, the colonel could be employed on more important work. The position of the former, however, would have to be clearly defined. His appointment might be similar to that of a battalion second in command, and he would have to be relieved from his present duty of commanding a dépôt company, which could be done by reducing the latter from four to three; while his seniority over the militia adjutants might be secured by making the latter vacate their appointments on attaining field rank. Thus if single dépôts were joined under one colonel into twos, or in some cases even into threes and fours, a considerable number of senior officers would be available for other work. There are at present fifty-two colonels commanding regimental districts in Great Britain, a number which might without inconvenience be reduced by more than half. Briefly, therefore, it would seem better to make the district colonel more of a general and less of a regimental officer than he is at present. The proposed groups of dépôts will be referred to as each divisional district is dealt with in Part II. of this article. As only eleven brigadiers, in addition to those already existing, would be required for the regular brigades, there would at once be a saving of expense, which would admit of the appointment of brigade-majors and other staff officers without additional cost. The number of general officers now commanding districts, including the three infantry brigades at Aldershot, is fourteen. For the present purpose twelve are required, not counting brigadiers or the officers commanding the artillery at Woolwich and Portsmouth, and engineers at Chatham, so that the number of general officers would virtually remain the same; the C.R.E. of the 2nd Army Corps, however, should also be of that rank.

A certain quantity of militia has necessarily been included in this scheme. There has recently been much discussion as to how the efficiency of the militia can be increased, though nothing of a practical nature has as yet been done. Line regiments have at least once during their tours of home service, to pass through the great training school of Aldershot; and a similar system, modified, of course, in many particulars, might with advantage be applied to the militia. This end has

to a certain extent been attained by some battalions taking part in manœuvres, but something further is required. Supposing, for instance, that four militia battalions, in those divisional districts which have not regular divisions, were in rotation brigaded. They could be commanded by the colonel of their combined regimental depôts, and whilst so brigaded their trainings might last six weeks, the first month of which would be carried out regimentally, and not by brigades, although under the brigadier's supervision. During the last fortnight they might be put through a regular course of brigade training, after the excellent system of recent years introduced at Aldershot. When battalions were to take part in large manœuvres, both regimental and brigade trainings could be curtailed accordingly. Ground, it is true, might be a difficulty; but each of the three army corps would have at least one training ground, the first at Aldershot, the second at Salisbury, and the third at Strensall. By this means all militia battalions might be put through the mill for two years at a time. Apart from the actual benefit the militia would derive from this training, the increase of importance given to them by actual organisation side by side with the line should have a considerable moral as well as material effect, and this seems to be an easy and not very expensive way of realising those ideas as to the assimilation of the line and the militia, about which so much has been said and so little done. The divisional districts have been arranged, as far as possible, with this end in view; those, therefore, which have not regular divisions complete have been assigned more militia than those which have. In addition to these brigades, there would still be plenty of militia battalions available for service in Ireland or elsewhere.

In the regular infantry there are, or will shortly be, 159 battalions, 49 of which are at present stationed in Great Britain, and 21 in Ireland; a distribution between home and foreign stations which may be taken as fairly representing the ordinary requirements of the Empire. But for three army corps 75 battalions are required. There are, however, four more of the new battalions still to be formed, and by taking, on grounds previously explained, three battalions from Ireland, the list is raised to fifty-six, or nineteen short. Part of the cavalry, of which there are at present fifteen regiments in England and Scotland, has recently been organised into brigades at Canterbury and Colchester, composed of regiments widely scattered apart. Whilst recognising the excellence of this arrangement, it may be said that to place this arm in harmony with the scheme proposed, there would be brigades at Aldershot and Colchester as at present, and a brigade of Household Cavalry in London and at Windsor, with its R.H.A. battery at Woolwich, but no brigade at Canterbury. There would then be available for the First Army Corps one regiment at Hounslow and one at Aldershot; for the latter barracks would have to be built, as it would be in addition to the existing cavalry brigade. For the Second Army Corps there would be the two regiments at Canterbury and Shorncliffe. In the Third Army Corps the cavalry falls short, as, after allowing for the Colchester brigade, there is only one regiment left, which could furnish the three divisional squadrons, and be stationed at Leeds. Of artillery there are at present in England eight batteries of horse and thirty-eight of field. As regards the latter it is proposed to transfer from Ireland to England one battery, and to send in its place the horse battery at St. John's Wood. There would then unfortunately be no artillery left for the corps troops of the third army corps. Of the engineers, the four field companies and other details at Aldershot would be in the First Army Corps, while those at Chatham, where there is only one field company, would not be sufficient for the Second Army; for the third there are none available. The Army Service Corps, it is needless to say, is not nearly sufficient.

THE GOLD FISH.

OUTSIDE the little straw-thatched café in a small courtyard trellised with vines, before a miniature table painted in red and blue and upon which stood a

dome-shaped pewter teapot and a painted glass half filled with mint, sat Amarabat, resting and smoking hemp. He was of those whom Allah in his mercy (or because man in the Blad-Allah has made no railways) has ordained to run. Set upon the road, his shoes pulled up, his waistband tightened, in his hand a staff, a palm-leaf wallet at his back, and in it bread, some hemp, a match or two (known to him as *el spîritus*), and a letter to take anywhere, crossing the plains, fording the streams, struggling along the mountain paths, sleeping but fitfully, a burning rope steeped in saltpetre fastened to his foot, he trotted day and night—untiring as a camel, faithful as a dog. In Rabat as he sat dozing, watching the greenish smoke curl upwards from his hemp pipe, word came to him from the Khalifa of the town. So Amarabat rose, paid for his tea with half a handful of defaced and greasy copper coins, and took his way towards the white palace with the crenelated walls, which on the cliff, hanging above the roaring tide-rip, just inside the bar of the great river, looks at Salee. Around the horseshoe archway of the gate stood soldiers, wild, fierce-eyed, armed to the teeth, descendants, most of them, of the famed warriors whom Sultan Muley Ismail (may God have pardoned him!) bred for his service, after the fashion of the Carlylean hero Frederic; and Amarabat walked through them, not aggressively, but with the staring eyes of a confirmed hemp-smoker, with the long stride of one who knows that he is born to run, and the assurance of a man who waits upon his lord. Some time he waited whilst the Khalifa dispensed what he thought justice, chaffered with Jewish pedlars for cheap European goods, gossiped with friends, looked at the antics of a dwarf, or priced a Georgian or Circassian girl brought with more care than glass by some rich merchant from the East. At last Amarabat stood in the presence, and the Khalifa, sitting upon a pile of cushions playing with a Waterbury watch, a pistol and a Koran by his side, addressed him thus:—

"Amarabat, son of Bjorma, my purpose is to send thee to Tafilet, where our liege lord the Sultan lies with his camp. Look upon this glass bowl made by the Kaffir, but clear as is the crystal of the rock; see how the light falls on the water, and the shifting colours that it makes, as when the Bride of the Rain stands in the heavens after a shower in spring. Inside are seven gold fish, each scale as bright as letters in an Indian book. The Christian from whom I bought them said originally they came from the Far East where the Djinn-descended Jawi live, the little yellow people of the faith. That may be, but such as they are, they are a gift for kings. Therefore, take thou the bowl. Take it with care, and bear it as it were thy life. Stay not, but in an hour start from the town. Delay not on the road, be careful of the fish, change not their water at the muddy pool where tortoises bask in the sunshine, but at running brooks; talk not to friends, look not upon the face of woman by the way, although she were as a gazelle, or as the maiden who when she walked through the fields the sheep stopped feeding to admire. Stop not, but run through day and night, pass thou the Atlas at the Glaui; beware of frost, cover the bowl with thine own haik; upon the other side shield me the bowl from the Saharan sun, and drink not of the water if thou pass a day athirst when toiling through the sand. Break not the bowl and see the fish arrive in Tafilet, and then present them, with this letter, to our lord. Allah be with you, and his prophet; go, and above all things see thou breakest not the bowl." And Amarabat, after the manner of his kind, taking the bowl of gold fish, placed one hand upon his heart and said: "Inshallah, it shall be as thou hast said. God gives the feet and lungs, he also gives the luck upon the road."

So he passed out under the horseshoe arch, holding the bowl almost at arm's length so as not to touch his legs, and with the palmetto string by which he carried it, bound round with rags. The soldiers looked at him, but spoke not, and their eyes seemed to see far away, and to pass over all in the middle distance, though no doubt they marked the smallest detail of his gait and dress. He passed between the horses of the guard all standing nodding under the fierce sun, the reins tied to the cantles of their high red saddles, a boy in charge

of every two or three: he passed beside the camels resting by the well, the donkeys standing dejected by the firewood they had brought: passed women, veiled white figures going to the baths, and passing underneath the lofty gateway of the town, exchanged a greeting with the half-mad, half-religious beggar just outside the walls, and then emerged upon the sandy road, between the aloe hedges, which skirts along the sea. So as he walked, little by little he fell into his stride; then got his second wind, and smoking now and then a pipe of hemp, began, as Arabs say, to eat the miles, his eyes fixed on the horizon, his stick stuck down between his shirt and back, the knob protruding over the left shoulder like the hilt of a two-handed sword. And still he held the precious bowl from Franquestan in which the golden fish swam to and fro, diving and circling in the sunlight, or flapped their tails to steady themselves as the water danced with the motion of his steps. Never before in his experience had he been charged with such a mission, never before been sent to stand before Allah's vicegerent upon earth. But still the strangeness of his business was what pre-occupied him most. The fish like molten gold, the water to be changed only at running streams, the fish to be preserved from frost and sun; and then the bowl: had not the Khalifa said at the last, "Beware, break not the bowl"? So it appeared to him that most undoubtedly a charm was in the fish and in the bowl, for who sends common fish on such a journey through the land? Then he resolved at any hazard to bring them safe and keep the bowl intact, and trotting onward, smoked his hemp, and wondered why he of all men should have had the luck to bear the precious gift. He knew he kept his law, at least as far as a poor man can keep it, prayed when he thought of prayer, or was assailed by terror in the night alone upon the plains; fasted in Ramadan, although most of his life was one continual fast; drank of the shameful but seldom, and on the sly, so as to give offence to no believer, and seldom looked upon the face of the strange women, Daughters of the Illegitimate, whom Sidna Mohammed himself has said, avoid. But all these things he knew were done by many of the faithful, and so he did not set up himself as of exceeding virtue, but rather left the praise to God, who helped his slave with strength to keep his law. Then left off thinking, judging the matter was ordained, and trotted, trotted over the burning plains, the gold-fish dancing in the water as the miles melted and passed away.

Duar and Kashbah, castles of the Caid, Arabs' black tents, suddra zaribas, camels grazing—antediluvian in appearance—on the little hills, the muddy streams edged all along the banks with oleanders, the solitary horsemen holding their long and brass-hooped guns like spears, the white-robed noiseless-footed travellers on the roads, the chattering storks upon the village mosques, the cow-birds sitting on the cattle in the fields—he saw, but marked not, as he trotted on. Day faded into night, no twilight intervening, and the stars shone out, Soheil and Rigel with Betelgeuse and Aldebaran, and the three bright lamps which the cursed Christians know as the Three Maries—called, he supposed, after the mother of their prophet, and still he trotted on. Then by the side of a lone palm-tree springing up from a cleft in a tall rock, an island on the plain, he stopped to pray; and sleeping, slept but fitfully, the strangeness of the business making him wonder; and he who cavils over matters in the night can never rest, for thus the jackal and the hyena pass their nights talking and reasoning about the thoughts which fill their minds when men lie with their faces covered in their haiks, and after prayer sleep. Rising after an hour or two and going to the nearest stream, he changed the water of his fish, leaving a little in the bottom of the bowl, and dipping with his brass drinking cup into the stream for fear of accidents. He passed the Kashbah of el Daudi, passed the land of the Rahamna, accursed folk always in "siba," saw the great snowy wall of Atlas rise, skirted Marakesh, the Kutubieh, rising first from the plain and sinking last from sight as he approached the mountains and left the great white city sleeping in the plain.

Little by little the country altered as he ran: cool

streams for muddy rivers, groves of almond trees, ashes and elms, with grape vines binding them together as the liana binds the canela and the urunday in the dark forests of Brazil and Paraguay. At midday, when the sun was at its height, when locusts, whirring through the air, sank in the dust as flying fish sink in the waves, when palm trees seem to nod their heads, and lizards are abroad drinking the heat and basking in the rays, when the dry air shimmers, and sparks appear to dance before the traveller's eye, and a thin, reddish dust lies on the leaves, on clothes of men, and upon every hair of horses' coats, he reached a spring. A river springing from a rock, or issuing after running underground, had formed a little pond. Around the edge grew bulrushes, great catmace, water soldiers, tall arums and metallic-looking sedge grass, which gave an air as of an outpost of the tropics lost in the desert sand. Fish played beneath the rock where the stream issued, flitting to and fro or hanging suspended for an instant in the clear stream, darted into the dark recesses of the sides; and in the middle of the pond enormous tortoises, horrid and antediluvian looking, basked with their backs awash or raised their heads to snap at flies, and all about them hung a dark and fetid slime.

A troop of thin brown Arab girls filled their tall amphoræ whilst washing in the pond. Placing his bowl of fish upon a jutting rock, the messenger drew near. "Gazelles," he said, "will one of you give me fresh water for the Sultan's golden fish?" Laughing and giggling, the girls drew near, looked at the bowl, had never seen such fish. "Allah is great; why do you not let them go in the pond and play a little with their brothers?" And Amarabat with a shiver answered, "Play, let them play! and if they come not back my life will answer for it." Fear fell upon the girls, and one advancing, holding the skirt of her long shift between her teeth to veil her face, poured water from her amphora upon the fish.

Then Amarabat, setting down his precious bowl, drew from his wallet a pomegranate and began to eat, and for a farthing buying a piece of bread from the women, was satisfied, and after smoking, slept, and dreamed he was approaching Taflet; he saw the palm trees rising from the sand; the gardens; all the oasis stretching beyond his sight; at the edge the Sultan's camp, a town of canvas, with the horses, camels, and the mules picketed all in rows, and in the midst of the great "duar" the Sultan's tent, like a great palace all of canvas, shining in the sun. All this he saw, and saw himself entering the camp, delivering up his fish, perhaps admitted to the sacred tent, or at least paid by a vizier, as one who has performed his duty well. The slow match blistering his foot, he woke to find himself alone, the "gazelles" departed, and the sun shining on the bowl, making the fish appear more magical, more wondrous, brighter, and more golden than before.

And so he took his way along the winding Atlas paths, and slept at Demnats, then, entering the mountains, met long trains of travellers going to the south. Passing through groves of chestnuts, walnut trees and hedges thick with blackberries and travellers' joy, he climbed through vineyards rich with black Atlas grapes, and passed the flat mud-built Berber villages nestling against the rocks. Eagles flew by and moufflons gazed at him from the peaks, and from the thickets of lentiscus and dwarf arbutus wild boars appeared, grunted, and slowly walked across the path, and still he climbed, the icy wind from off the snow chilling him in his cotton shirt, for his warm Tadla haik was long ago wrapped round the bowl to shield the precious fish. Crossing the Wad Ghadat, the current to his chin, his bowl of fish held in one hand, he struggled on. The Berber tribesmen at Tetsula and Zarkten, hard-featured, shaved but for a chin tuft, and robed in their "achnifs" with the curious eye woven in the skirt, saw he was a "rekass," or thought the fish not worth their notice, so gave him a free road. Night caught him at the stone-built, antediluvian-looking Kashbah of the Glaui, perched in the eye of the pass, with the small plain of Teluet two thousand feet below. Off the high snow peaks came a whistling wind, water froze solid in all the pots and pans, earthenware jars and bottles throughout the castle, save in the bowl which Amarabat, shivering and miserable, wrapped in his haik and held

close to the embers, hearing the muezzin at each call to prayers, praying himself to keep awake so that his fish might live. Dawn saw him on the trail, the bowl wrapped in a woollen rag, and the fish fed with bread-crumbs, but himself hungry and his head swimming with want of sleep, with smoking "kief," and with the bitter wind which from El Tisi N'Glaui flagellates the road. Right through the valley of Teluet he still kept on, and day and night still trotting, trotting on, changing his bowl almost instinctively from hand to hand, a broad leaf floating on the top to keep the water still, he left Agurzga, with its twin castles, Ghresat and Dads, behind. Then rapidly descending, in a day reached an oasis between Todghra and Ferkla, and rested at a village for the night. Sheltered by palm trees and hedged round with cactuses and aloes, either to keep out thieves or as a symbol of the thorniness of life, the village lay, looking back on the white Atlas gaunt and mysterious, and on the other side towards the brown Sahara, land of the palm tree (Belad-el-Jerid), the refuge of the true Ishmaelite; for in the desert, learning, good faith, and hospitality can still be found—at least, so Arabs say.

Orange and azofaifa trees, with almonds, sweet limes and walnuts, stood up against the waning light, outlined in the clear atmosphere almost so sharply as to wound the eye. Around the well goats and sheep lay, whilst a girl led a camel round the Noria track; women sat here and there and gossiped, with their tall earthenware jars stuck by the point into the ground, and waited for their turn, just as they did in the old times, so far removed from us, but which in Arab life is but as yesterday, when Jacob cheated Esau, and the whole scheme of Arab life was photographed for us by the writers of the Pentateuch. In fact, the self-same scene which has been acted every evening for two thousand years throughout North Africa, since the adventurous ancestors of the tribesmen of to-day left Hadrumut or Yemen, and upon which Allah looks down approvingly, as recognising that the traditions of his first recorded life have been well kept. Next day he trotted through the barren plain of Seddat, the Jibel Saghra making a black line on the horizon to the south. Here Berber tribes sweep in their razzias like hawks; but who would plunder a rekass carrying a bowl of fish? Crossing the dreary plain and dreaming of his entry into Tafiler, which now was almost in his reach not two days distant, the sun beating on his head, the water almost boiling in the bowl, hungry and footsore, and in the state betwixt waking and sleep into which those who smoke hemp on journeys often get, he branched away upon a trail leading towards the south. Between the oases of Todghra and Ferkla, nothing but stone and sand, black stones on yellow sand; sand, and yet more sand, and then again stretches of blackish rocks with a suddra bush or two, and here and there a colocynth, bitter and beautiful as love or life, smiling up at the traveller from amongst the stones. Towards midday the path led towards a sandy tract all overgrown with sandrac bushes and crossed by trails of jackals and hyenas, then it quite disappeared, and Amarabat waking from his dream saw he was lost. Like a good shepherd, his first thought was for his fish; for he imagined the last few hours of sun had made them faint, and one of them looked heavy and swam sideways and the rest kept rising to the surface in an uneasy way. Not for a moment was Amarabat frightened, but looked about for some known landmark, and finding none started to go back on his trail. But to his horror the wind which always sweeps across the Sahara had covered up his tracks, and on the stony paths which he had passed his feet had left no prints. Then Amarabat, the first moments of despair passed by, took a long look at the horizon, tightened his belt, pulled up his slipper heels, covered his precious bowl with a corner of his robe, and started doggedly back upon the road he thought he traversed on the deceitful path. How long he trotted, what he endured, whether the fish died first, or if he drank, or, faithful to the last, thirsting met death, no one can say. Most likely wandering in the waste of sandhills and of suddra bushes he stumbled on, smoking his hashish while it lasted, turning to Mecca at the

time of prayer, and trotting on more feebly (for he was born to run), till he sat down beneath the sun-dried bushes where the Shinghiti on his Mehari found him dead beside the trail. Under a stunted sandrac tree, the head turned to the east, his body lay, swollen and distorted by the pangs of thirst, the tongue protruding rough as a parrot's, and beside him lay the seven golden fish, once bright and shining as the pure gold when the goldsmith pours it molten from his pot, but now turned black and bloated, stiff, dry, and dead. Life the mysterious, the mocking, the inscrutable, unseizable, the uncomprehended essence of nothing and of everything had fled, both from the faithful messenger and from his fish. But the Khalifa's parting caution had been well obeyed, for by the tree, unbroken, the crystal bowl still glistened beautiful as gold, in the fierce rays of the Saharan sun.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

OXFORD REVISITED.

THE loveliest of all vaudevilles, enacted in the loveliest of all cities—to have seen that is, surely, an experience worth fondling. It is well to slip, now and again, from the presence of that raucous and beetle-browed enchantress, London; thence to hurry to the Benign Mother and kneel to her as of old. If one find Shakespeare sitting at her side—Shakespeare in his gayest and most brilliant mood—why then, one's escapade will be the more refreshing. So often, and with such insistence, are the bloodthirsty and the melancholy sides of Shakespeare's nature revealed to us by the metropolitan mimes that we are apt to forget that the fellow had also a keen sense of humour and a prettiness of conceit. All thanks, then, to the Benign Mother for reminding us, and for helping us thereby to greater delight in the most distinguished of her step-sons. I say step-sons because, in the absurd meagreness of our knowledge of Shakespeare's life, it is impossible to prove circumstantially that he was educated at Oxford. Nevertheless, no person of any real intuition can doubt for one moment that he was.

There is no more amazing and engaging masque than the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Seeing it one cannot but regret that Shakespeare did not more often sacrifice, as herein he lightly sacrifices, his plot to tomfoolery. To imagine how much more delightful would be such plays as "Much Ado about Nothing" and "All's Well that Ends Well" if their author had "cut" them ruthlessly and then interspersed them with fairy-scenes and clown-scenes, one need but imagine the "Midsummer Night's Dream" without its clowns and fairies. When he first conceived the play Shakespeare intended it, doubtless, to be a simple comedy—A and B in love with C, C in love with A, D in love with B. But the trite scenario and the familiar puppets palled on him, inasmuch that he decided, wisely, to play the fool. He did not eliminate Lysander and Demetrius, Hermia and Helena: he sandwiched them between two wilful motives, one for his humour, the other for his poetry. He snatches us from the Court of Theseus into the Joiner's Cottage, and thence away to the Wood near Athens, and thence to the Court again—three little worlds of his, none really related to another. From one set of characters to another he boxes-and-coxes the compass with mad velocity. And the result is the most entertaining "triple-bill" ever laid before the public. How thankful we ought to be that Shakespeare threw over the original scheme and gave us this spontaneous masterpiece in tomfoolery rather than "All in a Maze," or "Hearts are Astray," or whatever title he would have given to the properly completed comedy! Shakespeare fulminating, Shakespeare pontificating, has never been surpassed, but Shakespeare in his slippers has never been approached by any poet in his. Throughout the "Midsummer Night's Dream" we see him in his slippers—exquisitely embroidered slippers, which, in sheer gaiety and lightness of heart, he kicks up into the empyrean and catches again on the tip of his toe upturned. In English literature the great men so rarely unbend, and, when they do, it is so painfully, with such creaking of all their joints, that we wish they wouldn't. The "Midsummer Night's

Dream" appeals to me as a triumph in the art of unbending. In all our literature there is not so fine a piece of "freake or frolick, and pleasaunt prettinesse withall." It is quite incomparable, of its kind.

The O. U. D. S. could not have done wiselier than in producing it. The kind of play which is ruined by amateurs is that in which there are two or three very long important parts, with the rest nowhere. The plasticity and reserve and resource needed for a heavy part can be obtained only through professionalism. The amateur begins to droop and to flounder before he is even half-way through. But in a play like the "Midsummer Night's Dream," whose weight is very evenly distributed among many characters, the amateur gets a much better chance of distinguishing himself. Besides, it is not right that a dramatic society of young men should choose any plays save those in which a goodly number of its members may disport themselves. Fun, after all, is the chief aim of such a society, and the greatest happiness of the greatest number should be its constant watchword. Therefore do I commend the choice of the O. U. D. S. this year as heartily as I should have disapproved of its choice of "Romeo and Juliet" last year. Acting with high-spirits is the prime essential to such a play as the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and for this kind of histrionic art undergraduates are quite as well equipped as professional mimes. Climatically, Oxford (as also, indeed, Cambridge) is nothing more nor less than a malarial swamp: after a week or two of term there the healthiest mind and body sink to slackness. The elderly or middle-aged don relapses into this condition quickly, without a struggle. But the undergraduate, as having youth in him, fights gallantly against the depression, and seizes every opportunity of shouting and dancing, though inwardly he feels no real impulse to shout or dance. And thus in the portrayal of mirth he obtains a wonderful virtuosity. Smashing windows and dancing round bonfires are practices which the dons discourage, but they are, nevertheless, an admirable preparation for appearing in such a play as the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The whole programme of the O.U.D.S. was marked by quite as great an appearance of go and gusto as it would have been if the actors had been the most experienced creatures who ever drew salaries. From no other amateur society could one have got a performance half so good. Oxford is, in a far wider sense than that which I have just suggested, an excellent training-ground for young actors. It encourages and develops all kinds of acting. That he may live at peace with the authorities, it is absolutely necessary for an undergraduate to be always simulating and dissimulating. Industry, thrift, innocence, obedience, veneration—of all these qualities, and of many others, he must try constantly to seem a paragon, lest he be fined, or gated, or sent down. In attending lectures, he will acquire (if little else) many rudiments in the technique of histrionism: to come in late without looking self-conscious, and to deliver his excuse plausibly; to sit with an expression of the deepest interest in the subject without disturbing his train of alien and trivial thoughts; to bend quickly, now and again, over his note-book and seem to be making a note; to laugh heartily at the lecturer's jokes—all these functions very surely mature him for the O.U.D.S. As a moralist, I deplore them. As a dramatic critic, I can but condone them. The other night, even those members of the cast whom I should be sorry to see plunging, hereafter, into a profession sadly overcrowded, fraught with many difficulties and disappointments, seemed to me to be acting far better than the ordinary, non-academic amateur. And there were two members of the cast—Mr. H. M. M. Woodward as Puck, and Mr. E. K. Talbot as Bottom—who played quite brilliantly. The agrestic jollity of the weaver could not have had a better or more truly Shakespearian interpreter than Mr. Talbot. Mr. Woodward, both in actual nimbleness and in imaginative humour, was a far more Puckish Puck than any of those *staccato* little girls of twelve to whom the part is generally awarded. Miss Una Cockerell had been engaged for the part of Titania, and she played it with all her own charm and intelligence. There was a well-ordered dance of fairies. The scenes, too, had been

very prettily painted. But to me the setting of the piece seemed a matter of slight importance. Oxford itself, magical and matchless as ever, was for me the real background. In my sentimental vision, Theseus' Palace was the Bodleian, and the Wood near Athens was but the garden of John's, and the Weaver's Cottage one of those little cottages in St. Giles'. The ripple of the Isis made incidental music to all the words. And the garland which Titania laid on the ass's nawl was woven of fritillaries, not of roses.

MAX.

A CRITIC IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

"Lectures on the National Gallery." By J. P. Richter. With numerous illustrations. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1898.

"THE end and object," says Dr. Richter, in his opening sentence, "of public museums and galleries is not so much entertainment as instruction." This is assuming too much, and must not pass without challenge. The idea of the scientific museum inevitably invades to some extent collections of art like the National Gallery, but the chief end of such collections is not instruction, but delight. A masterpiece frequently gives rise to historical discussion, but it was neither painted nor is it treasured for that purpose, and no principle should be more strictly applied in making additions to the National Gallery than that of buying only masterpieces, not illustrations of pictorial history that are poor things in themselves. Collections like the National Portrait Gallery stand on another footing: historic, not artistic.

Dr. Richter's own business in the National Gallery, however, is that of historical investigation; his learning and acumen give deserved weight to what he says, and any light he can throw on the authorship or significance of the masterpieces there is to be welcomed. He is the foremost representative of connoisseurship of the most modern type in this country, and has become a kind of *advocatus diaboli*, and censor of the attributions of Italian pictures in the official catalogue. The school he represents has already succeeded in re-naming, with general acquiescence, a number of pictures; in other cases the issue is more doubtful. One of these cases, and the most notorious, is the challenge of the authenticity of our "Virgin of the Rocks." The conflict in this case between the late and present Director on the one hand and the Morellians on the other has led to what I cannot but think a most costly and unfortunate, though effective, retort. The case for Ambrogio de Predis was marshalled with all possible force at the Burlington Fine Arts Club last summer. The director on his side acquired, and has hung beside the Leonardo, the two wing pieces that used to flank it, and that are admittedly the work of the claimant for a hand in the central picture. The retort is crushing enough: the bungler who painted them had a very small part, if any, in the disputed picture; but the argument is also too expensive. For these panels, if they had been acquired with the rest of the altar-piece, an additional £5 might well have been thrown in, as one would pay for an original frame; to give a thousand pounds apiece, if that is the correct sum, or anything approaching it, was a ludicrous, if tempting, waste of money.

In the present volume, which is really a collection of notes on various pictures thrown into the form of lectures, Dr. Richter advances no views likely to give rise to equal controversy. He deals first with the trecentisti, more particularly with the Madonna attributed to Cimabue, and with the Duccios. Things go hard with Cimabue for the present. Following Wickhoff, Dr. Richter hands over all pictures bearing his name to others. The famous Rucellai Madonna at Florence resembles in every particular Duccio's "Majestas" at Siena, and the argument is that Cimabue must have been more unlike Duccio than that, to gain the reputation for originality that he enjoyed. Dr. Richter puts down the National Gallery picture to the workshop of Duccio. Here perhaps a bias shows itself. He says the Madonna and Child have lost all fourteenth-century character through repainting, and only the angels retain the character of their time and authorship. This is exaggeration. The faces all

through the picture are in very much the same condition and show the design quite clearly. What bothers Dr. Richter is probably that the Madonna has not the regulation Duccio nose.

Dr. Richter's pet discovery, however, follows in the chapter dealing with the Venetian School. He has lit upon a drawing at Chatsworth that looks like a study for a group in Mantegna's altarpiece in San Zeno at Verona. This drawing, he says, is by Giovanni Bellini, and the fact, if substantiated, makes a link in the obscure relations of these contemporaries, another being the two pictures of the "Agony in the Garden," both in the National Gallery, and so closely allied in their invention. Dr. Richter's knowledge of Giovanni Bellini's drawings may supply him in his own mind with a certainty about his conclusion; but the only evidence for the authorship he brings forward is the likeness of one of the figures to that of Christ in Bellini's picture, "The Blood of the Redeemer," also in the National Gallery. This likeness alone is not striking enough to be conclusive evidence.

Of more general interest are the elucidations of pictures by Botticelli, made out or suggested in Chapter III. Several interesting attempts have been made in recent criticism to explain as illustrations of literary texts pictures that hitherto have been treated as enigmatic allegories of the painter's own invention. Thus Prof. Wickhoff has suggested explanations of Giorgione's "Soldier and Gipsy," and Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love." In another case, which Dr. Richter cites as having baffled the critics, the allegories by Giovanni Bellini in the Academy at Venice, I believe the clue has recently been found in a comparison with a series of miniatures. Botticelli throughout his career was deeply imbued with literature. His "Calumny," like Mantegna's, was an attempt to render Lucian's description of a picture by Apelles. He illustrated Dante; he designed, according to Vasari, the picture now in the National Gallery that illustrates Matteo Palmieri's "Città di Vita." Dr. Richter gives here the interesting explanation of the Nativity in the National Gallery, with a Greek inscription that applies a passage in the Apocalypse to the martyrdom of Savonarola. But Mr. Colvin had long ago given this, and it is fairly familiar. More recent is Dr. Steinmann's explanation of a puzzling fresco in the Sistine Chapel. The nominal subject, "The Temptation of our Lord" is displaced by foreground groups whose action and importance called for explanation. The clue has been found in the building that figures in the background. This is the Hospital of San Spirito, erected by the Pope at the time the picture was painted, and the foreground, in reference to this, represents the ceremony of the healing of the leper, as laid down in Leviticus.

We now come to a new suggestion by Dr. Richter himself, one that is not so convincing. He proposes to substitute for the title "Venus and Mars," under Botticelli's well-known picture in the National Gallery, "The Dream of the Tournament," taking it as an illustration of a passage in Angelo Poliziano's poem, "Stanze per la Giostra." By this reading Mars becomes Giuliano de' Medici; Venus his mistress Simonetta, whom Love brings to him in a dream clad in the terrible armour of Pallas. Then her armour is taken from her, and put on Giuliano, who flies to the lists. To understand the possibilities of the case, we must recall, what Dr. Richter neglects to do, that this poem has long been regarded as a literary source for Botticelli. It was clearly an exciting text for his imagination, as the poems of Keats and Tennyson were for the Pre-Raphaelites. Not only this picture may be loosely illustrative of it, but also the "Spring," more properly called "The Realm of Venus," with its winds and graces and many coloured flowers:

"Ma lieta Primavera mai non manca,
Che i suoi crin biondi e crespi all'aura spiega
E mille fiori in ghirlandetta lega;"
and the "Birth of Venus":

"Vera la schiuma, e vero il mar direste,
Il nicchio ver, vero il soffiar de' venti:
La Dea negli occhi folgorar vedreste;
E l'ciel riderle attorno e gli elementi;

Giurar potresti che dell'onde uscisse
La Dea premendo con la destra il crino
Con l'altra il dolce pomo ricoprissi,
E stampata dal piè sacro e divino,
D'erba e di fior la rena si vestisse,
Poi con sembiante lieto e pellegrino
Dalle tre Ninfe in grembo fosse accolta
E di stellato vestimento involta."

Twice the nymph Simonetta appears, and in her description are the features and the dress that haunted Botticelli:

"Candida è ella, candida la vesta,
Ma pur di rose e fior dipinta e d'erba:
Lo innannellato crin dell'aurea testa
Scende in la fronte umilmente superba,
Ridele attorno tutta la foresta,
E quanto puo, sue cure disacerba.
Nell'atto regalmente è mansueta;
E pur col ciglio le tempeste acqueta."

Light, gentle air and celestial joy are in her face, sweetly painted with lilies and roses. The winds are hushed at her divine speech, and every bird sings up in his own latin.

The whole poem ought to be reprinted with the three pictures as its accompaniment, but it is impossible to fit the "Mars and Venus" into the dream of Giuliano any more closely than into the passage that actually describes that god and goddess showered with roses by little Loves. (The picture in the National Gallery formerly given to Botticelli is an echo of this idea.) Dr. Richter notes some of the objections to the latter supposition; they are no less strong against his own. Where is Cupid, bound or unbound? Where the armour of Pallas, with the Medusa head? Why are the little Satyrs playing with a different set of armour? They are never mentioned in the poem. And when Dr. Richter says "the little Satyrs are whispering dreams into the sleeper's ears, dreams from the realm of Venus; they are not, as the catalogue of the National Gallery suggests, trying to rouse Mars, or rather Giuliano; for who would choose a shell with its murmuring sound for such a purpose?" he forgets that the murmur of a shell held against the ear is a very different thing from the hoarse roar of a conch, applied as the little Satyr is applying it. Unless, then, a more exact source is discovered for this lovely picture, we must leave it in loose association with the images of Poliziano's verse, and be content with its present name.

One criticism more is possible in my space, and that must be a protest against Dr. Richter and all his band when they assert that the tondo of the "Virgin and Child with St. John the Baptist and an Angel" is not Botticelli's. If likeness in style and mannerism, type and sentiment, goes for anything, it is by the painter of the "Venus and Mars." The Mother is the same person as the Venus, looking out of the picture with the same effect of gentle detachment, circumscribed with the same draughtsman's lines; the infant, whose type Dr. Richter finds "positively repulsive," is the same infant as the Satyrs of the other picture, and so all through. It is a wild fancy to put the authorship down to Giuliano da San Gallo, the architect, because his name is found *upon the back*. If he was its owner, as seems probable, the fact is an additional argument for the picture's authenticity. D. S. M.

A PIANIST; AND A RECALCITRANT CRITIC.

EVEN those of us who have not an unlimited and passionate admiration for Dohnányi must find a manly, unaffected pianist a blessed relief after the winking, squinting, leering boobies who hold the concert platform for so great a portion of every season. Hence, perhaps, the too, too hasty overpraise of him when he first appeared here. Mr. Dohnányi is, so far as he goes, a genuine artist; he has the artist temperament; and he indulges in no antics, and does not even get himself up like Svengali and certain gentlemen of real life, with a heavy fur coat in the hottest summer weather. Strange to say, I have not even received a paragraph about him from his agents. Apparently he has killed no wild boars, never rescued a

fellow-artist from a fire, and does not play on a piano made by Broadwood for Beethoven, and by him sold to Wagner, who gave it to Veraschwiztkfgmshaft on condition of its being lent to the greatest pianist of the time. Perhaps after hearing him again I may be able to sing his praises as loudly as do some of my brethren. At present I cannot. I see in him an able young musician, lacking in certain qualities, and with a piano-technique by no means fully developed. A fine player he certainly is: a player of the very first rank he is not. On Monday afternoon he played, amongst other things, Beethoven's third sonata, two preludes and two fugues of Bach, and Schumann's symphonic studies. Excepting in the first movement, the Beethoven sonata makes no demands on the highest qualities of the Beethoven player. It is one of the showiest of his early piano pieces; it is certainly not one of the most Beethovenish. The slow movement Mr. Dohnányi handled magnificently: if he did everything as well as he did that, one would have to place him high indeed. The other movements, particularly the last movement, he played brilliantly, daintily and with plenty of smoothness, in fact with rather too much un-Beethovenish smoothness; and one felt that the style of playing would be better suited to a Stephen Heller or even a Henselt trifle. Then his Bach playing was utterly, outrageously, wrong. Mechanical playing of the old men is the last thing to be wished for; but Mr. Dohnányi nearly made me wish for it. After all, there is a little difference between Bach and Chopin; and if you must (though you should not) play music written for the most sensitive and delicate instrument ever invented upon a huge grand piano, you do not atone for the mistake by distorting Bach's limpid counterpoint almost beyond the possibility of recognition, in the belief that it will bear an unlimited amount of rubato. When Bach is played on the piano I do not, like Mr. Dolmetsch, invoke heaven's wrath upon the player—in very truth, sometimes I am the player; but I certainly recommend anyone who intends playing him on the piano to hear him first on the clavichord. Mr. Dohnányi's best test and opportunity came with the Schumann studies. Here he fell short of great piano-playing. He hurried and scurried, not because of nervousness, but because of his inability to get out of the piano the full, noble, rich tone the things require, and because, with all his musicianship, he has not discovered the secret of the phrasing that enables the first-rank men to keep the pace down without a sense of dragging. The last section is one of the most difficult tests of a pianist I know; most of them seem to go mad over it, and hurry it and harry it until it ceases to be music. That is what Mr. Dohnányi did. Though he had not lost his nerve, the result was precisely the same as if he had. Nevertheless, he is a highly gifted player, and—what is exceedingly rare in pianists nowadays—he is a musician. The faults which I have mentioned are, after all, the faults of a young man, of partially developed talents. I like him much better than when he first appeared here; but I must decline to commit myself to endorse the implied belief that he will be the greatest pianist who has lived, by saying that he is already amongst the greatest.

The Bach Choir has been grossly misused. Bad, wicked critics have never ceased to gird at it. They say, do these bad, wicked critics, that the Bach Choir is an anti-artistic society existing simply to create a distaste for Bach's and indeed all fine music; that the voices are poor and the conductor no conductor; and a hundred other things of the sort. Such abuse is entirely unwarranted. I intended to rebuke the wicked ones last week; but the truth was that I had not quite recovered from the astonishment caused by a concert given by the Bach Choir on Tuesday evening, February 7. Bach's Magnificat in D and his setting of "Ein feste Burg" were, I flattered myself, perfectly familiar to me; but it appeared that this was a hideous error. True, some of the solos met me as old friends; but most of the choruses were strangers to me. Have some fresh scores been discovered, or has Doctor Stanford brought Bach's choruses up to date? It would be absurd to suppose that the different sections of the Bach Choir were so ill-balanced, and that the different sections of th

orchestra were allowed to run so wild, that at this performance the music was mangled beyond recognition. The whole matter is at present a mystery; but doubtless some explanation will be forthcoming. Meantime, let me offer my defence of the Bach Choir. Most people persist in misunderstanding it and its aims. It is, in the first place, a social body, not an artistic one; in the second place, it is a parochial society. Some of my readers may have heard of Kensington, a wild, almost uninhabited region lying somewhere Westward. Certain persons, whose avocation or unaccountable preference leads them to reside in that waste place, formed themselves into the Bach Choir many years ago with a view of meeting one another and passing away the winter evenings. The particular name, rather than another, was chosen because, while no one exactly knew what it meant, it had rather a superior sound and vaguely suggested culture. Its entertainments are intended to entertain itself; to criticism it is entirely indifferent. The pure atmosphere of the Penny Reading hangs over its concerts. Its secretary writes its analytic programmes; its conductor conducts; its members sing. If the object were to give concerts comparable with the concerts we are accustomed to in London nowadays, conductor, singers and programme-maker would be hired in the usual way. But that is not the object. Why, then, do we scoff at the Bach Choir? Why should it not go its own sweet way, enjoying its little periodical outbreaks of mild musical festivity? For the future let the scoffers be silent; if the Bach Choir courteously invites them to its functions, let them remember that they are but uncultured outsiders; let them never forget that in the functions they have no part.

Mr. Shaw took three columns to scalp me last week: I am afraid my blow for life must be given in a very few lines. Mr. Shaw's fourth paragraph is the most important. He there, for some reason, wilfully misrepresents me. He quotes me as having written, "What! did Wagner write 'Siegfried' to explain 'The Dusk of the Gods,' 'The Valkyrie' to explain 'Siegfried,' and 'The Rhinegold' to explain 'The Valkyrie'?" No, thank you, Mr. Shaw." And he proceeds to prove that the four plays were written in that order. I never dreamed of denying it. What I said was, did Wagner write them in that order "and after all must we read allegories into the whole 'Ring' before we can comprehend the 'Rhinegold'! No, thank you, Mr. Shaw!" Surely this is a very different thing. But what does it matter in what order the plays were written? Only this, that we know the trouble Wagner took to lead up to the final catastrophe of "The Dusk of the Gods." This is the whole difference between myself and Mr. Shaw: that he believes Wagner to have altered his plan, without knowing it, in working back from the "Dusk of the Gods;" while I deny that Wagner was such a fool as not to perceive what he was doing, or, in the seven years between the completion of the "Dusk of the Gods" and his death, not to perceive what he had done. I have no objection to allegories. But an allegory, it should be remembered, is a thing we apply to an art-work, not a thing we draw from it. If the allegory breaks down, so much the worse for the allegory. If Mr. Shaw presented me with a hat—Heaven forbid that he should!—and it didn't fit me, would he insist on cutting off my head? He has made a cap for "The Ring;" it won't fit; and he wants to cut off "The Ring's" head, the "Dusk of the Gods," on chance of the cap settling down on the neck! For the rest, when I speak of the "problem" set in "The Rhinegold," I mean the dramatic problem. "The Rhinegold" is certainly superfluous, because the real action commences with the "Valkyrie," where the problem is clearly enough stated. At the same time I don't mind hearing it stated twice any more than I dislike hearing the themes of "The Mastersingers" in the overture. Still, there is no great harm done if one misses the overture; and the overture to the "Ring" is very, very long, filling a whole evening.

J. F. R.

FINANCE.

AFTER the extraordinary activity of last week, the Stock Markets have this week been somewhat inactive and extremely irregular, whilst the South African department has been unfavourably influenced by several circumstances unconnected with the intrinsic position of the gold-mining industry. No doubt the latest developments of the Dreyfus case have been a disturbing influence also, and have prevented Paris from giving as much support to South African mining shares and foreign Government securities as was to have been expected after the general revival of confidence which marked the whole of the last account. The fact that Saturday and Monday were holidays in New York, and the general obstruction of business in the United States owing to the great storm, has also been some hindrance to activity in the American markets. In fact, climatic conditions seem, for the moment, to have taken the place of political alarms as disturbers of the financial world. Both brokers and jobbers returned to business on Monday exhausted by the heavy work of the preceding week, and the weather in the street was not calculated to raise their flagging spirits; so that, although the tendency was not bad, the amount of business transacted was comparatively small. Then the news of the damage wrought by the blizzard in the United States gave rise to some fear that the great injury to property and the obstruction of traffic might react on the prices of American securities, and, in the absence of support from deserted Wall Street, quotations showed a tendency to ease off. On this side of the Atlantic the tempestuous weather was also expected to exercise an unfavourable influence upon the traffic receipts of home railways. On Tuesday the interruption of telegraphic communication and of the mails from the Continent by the severe gales opposed a further obstacle to business, and there was, moreover, a general feeling that the capitulation of the Chamber of Deputies with regard to M. Dupuy's time serving measure to remove the Dreyfus business from the criminal Chamber to the whole Court of Cassation boded ill for the welfare of the Third Republic. In the spirit of pessimism, dealers marked down prices all along the line, and nervous operators, taking alarm, rushed in to realise the profits made during the last account, which they were afraid of losing during the present one. In the more influential circles of the financial world the set-back is, however, considered to be a most favourable omen for the future. The speculative account, especially in South Africans, had attained such dimensions that an element of danger had been imported into the financial position which, if it had not been eliminated, might have been fraught with serious consequences. There is no doubt that, in the absence of any political complications, and with the general belief that the year 1899 will be a year of great prosperity and expansion of trade, a general rise in the value of sound undertakings was justified and inevitable. The one condition which would jeopardise the future of the markets would be a wild and ignorant rush of speculators. Mindful of previous periods of inflation followed by sudden collapse, the wiser heads amongst those who lead the dealing in the stock markets decided to check the headlong career of one or two notorious speculators who had already ventured in far beyond their depth. Necessarily the course pursued led to forced realisations, in the absence of any facilities for carrying over at the last settlement. The market is now all the healthier from the elimination of the weak bull element. Prices have by no means fallen so considerably as to wipe out the previous advance, and although the present account—which ends next week—may not see a recovery, and may even witness a further slight reaction, the way is well prepared for a further advance of quotations to a permanently higher level in the near future.

It can scarcely be said that the condition of the money market has been responsible for the set-back which has occurred during the week in South African securities, or for the irregularity in other quotations. It is rather the stock markets which have reacted on the money market. At the end of last week

there was a heavy demand for funds in connexion with the settlement, and a good deal had to be borrowed from the Bank of England at 3 per cent. over the week end. No doubt more was borrowed than was actually necessary, in consequence of the difficulties which were encountered in the African market at the end of January settlement. That this was the case was shown by the superabundance of money on Saturday morning, the settlement having been completed more easily than was anticipated, in spite of the enormous volume of business which had been transacted during the account. At the beginning of the week the necessary repayments to the Bank of England exercised a hardening tendency upon rates, and in view of the prospects of continued activity during the next few months the discount houses are not disposed to allow rates to decline. Moreover, the time is now at hand when the normal course of business generally leads to a greater demand for money across the Atlantic; and although England, and Europe generally, have liquidated a large amount of their indebtedness to the United States by the transfer of American securities to American investors, the balance of trade remains permanently against Europe. A special circumstance which will shortly affect the monetary position in London is that the United States Government has to pay some £4,000,000 to Spain as the purchase-price for the Philippines, and this money will doubtless be paid by means of the outstanding balances still due from England to the States. This transaction will lead to a flow of money from London to Paris, and will therefore contribute to the hardening of the money market here. In Berlin, also, although the position is very much easier than it was a month or two ago, a new and urgent demand for money may shortly make itself felt. A review of the circumstances makes it probable, therefore, that money will soon be somewhat dearer again. This is a prospect which, as we have pointed out before, is by no means inimical to the prosperity of the various markets. If it eliminates—as it would seem to be on the point of doing—the weak speculative element, its influence will be all for the good, and will prepare the way for a reasonable and steady advance in quotations, instead of the wild and injudicious lifting of prices by speculative purchasers.

It is evident that the Directors of the Bank of England are preparing in good time for the approaching demands upon the London money market foreshadowed above. The position of the Bank, as shown by the usual weekly return on Thursday, is considerably stronger than it was on the corresponding date last year, although, for the reasons we have already given, the pressure from New York is not likely to be so great as is customary at about this time of the year. The reserve has increased £796,976 to £24,512,295, which is £634,486 higher than the figure at which the reserve stood twelve months ago. The increase is due to the influx of £286,000 in gold from abroad and of £300,000 in coin from the provinces, and to a contraction of £198,730 in the note circulation. The proportion of reserve to liabilities is now 46½ per cent., or ½ per cent. higher than last week, and ½ per cent. higher than the proportion a year ago. Public deposits are up £2,199,309, showing that the collection of taxes is now beginning to take effect, and to denude the money market in some degree of supplies. The heavy Government disbursements for the past year have, however, had an important effect in this respect; for the public deposits are nearly 3½ millions less than at the same date last year. In some quarters, indeed, it is already beginning to be anticipated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer at the end of the financial year will find himself not only without a surplus, but with a quite respectable deficit. The heavy borrowings of the market from the Bank last week for Stock Exchange requirements, amounting probably to about £2,000,000, do not, of course, affect the return, since the money was all borrowed and repaid within the week.

Changes on the week in the home railway market were in most cases small, and in all cases irregular. At present it is difficult to discern any decided tendency in this department. The new working agreement between

the Chatham and South-Eastern lines has had practically all its prospects already discounted, especially with regard to the stock of the former company, and the market is disposed to wait for the result of the present half-year's working before it deals largely again with stocks of either company. South-Eastern Ordinary is unchanged, whilst the Deferred has fallen half a point on the week. Chatham Ordinary has fallen $\frac{3}{4}$, the Second Preference is unchanged, and the First Preference has put on $\frac{1}{2}$. So far, however, the new arrangement is having good results, for the combined traffic receipts of the two companies for the week show an increase of £2,461, making a total increase since the beginning of the year of £6,095. Then also the bogey of Great Central competition, as far as regards the Midland and the Great Northern lines, has been worked for all it is worth. There are, indeed, signs that it has been overdone; for Great Northern Preference has risen $1\frac{1}{2}$, Great Northern A 1 and the Deferred $\frac{1}{2}$. Midland Preference is unchanged on the week; but the Deferred has fallen $\frac{1}{2}$: nevertheless the Midland receipts for the week were £10,777 higher than in the corresponding week last year, making the total increase during the first six weeks in the year £23,170. Midland Deferred, giving at its present price, after allowing for the dividend accrued, a yield to the investor of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., seems to us to offer one of the most favourable opportunities for investment in the home railway market, as do also Great Northern A and Brighton A stocks. The other traffic increases of the week were all satisfactory, the North-Eastern heading the list with an increase of £15,000. The improvement in Great Northern stocks was no doubt due to the encouraging speech of the chairman, Mr. Jackson, M.P., at the meeting on Tuesday last. The company could easily have paid a larger dividend for the past half-year, in spite of the fact that more than one million a year has been spent in the last four years on capital account. The expansion of the company's business continues at a rapid rate. In four years the total goods tonnage has increased 39 per cent., whilst during the same period the amount of coal alone carried increased 21 per cent.; but, as the chairman remarked, it is to the interests of the company to see the effect of the Great Central competition before paying increased rates of dividend. The company has been assiduously preparing to meet this competition for the past four years, and the Great Central will have a hard task before it to abstract any large proportion of business from the Great Northern. In any case, the latter company has now a very large balance forward; and owing to its recent heavy capital expenditure, its lines and rolling stock are in excellent condition.

The Metropolitan District Company is the only one whose shares at the present moment leave much to go for either way. After the dividend declaration on Wednesday, the "bears" had the best of it, and after being up at 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ last week, the ordinary stock is now 3 points lower at 37 $\frac{1}{4}$. The company is only able to pay $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on its Preference stock as compared with $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. last year, whilst the balance forward has fallen to £218, as against £4,006 on 31 December, 1897. The dividend declared for the past half-year makes the total dividend for the year on the Preference $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for the whole year. This result was, of course, expected, since the published traffic receipts made a large reduction in the dividend inevitable. Consequently the heavy fall in both Preference and Ordinary stocks was speedily accounted for by a rumour that the negotiations which are now proceeding between several of the larger companies and the Metropolitan District were not progressing favourably. There is no good reason to suppose that this rumour is correct, but at the meeting of the company on 28th inst. it is probable that Mr. J. S. Forbes, the chairman, will make some statement as to the future position of the company. Whilst no definite information with regard to the progress of the negotiations is at present forthcoming, it seems quite certain that an arrangement with one or more of the big companies concerned will be achieved. The joint South-Eastern and Chatham line, the Great Western and the Midland, would all secure important advantages for themselves

by obtaining control of the District Company; and it is known that, as soon as the negotiations with the Metropolitan Railway had fallen through, these companies made overtures to the less prosperous half of the Metropolitan Underground Railway system. The scheme proposed by the Metropolitan Company did not offer the prospect of any great advantage to the District shareholders, though at the first glance it would seem that the former company could most easily, and with most advantage to itself, take the management of the District into its hands. But the Metropolitan's chance has gone, and the other companies are not likely to let slip the opportunity which now offers of obtaining certain benefits for their own systems, especially with regard to the coal-carrying facilities in London, which they have long desired. The drop in the Preference dividend is rather a favourable feature in the situation than otherwise, for it will certainly induce the Preference shareholders to look with a more friendly eye upon any scheme which is placed before them, and it is the Preference shareholders who have hitherto been the chief obstacle to any scheme for the rehabilitation of the company.

The Midland Railway report gives some small comfort to railway shareholders in general; for whilst it shows that the proportion of expenditure to receipts during the past half-year again increased considerably, the increase was by no means so big as in the corresponding half-year of 1897. In the second half of 1898 the working costs increased 1.33 per cent. from 57.59 to 58.92 per cent. But in the second half of the previous year they increased 3.33 per cent. from 54.26 per cent. in 1896. The significance of the falling-off in the rate of increase will be more easily apprehended when it is noted that in the second half of 1898, the increased ratio of expenditure to receipts was equivalent to a dividend for the half-year at the rate of about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum on the Consolidated Ordinary stock; whereas in the corresponding half of last year it was equivalent to a dividend at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. For the six months to 31 December, 1897, the expenditure per train mile run was 2s. 7.22d., whilst in the second half of last year it rose $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per mile to 2s. 7.73d. The North-Western report is, however, still more encouraging to railway investors; for it shows that the company during the past half-year actually succeeded in reducing its working expenses. In 1897 these were 57.96 per cent.; in 1898, 57.34 per cent., a reduction which is equivalent to an increased profit of more than £40,000 for the half-year. It is curious to note that the cost per train mile run has scarcely varied at all in the two half-years. In 1897 the expenses were 3s. 2.00d., in 1898 3s. 2.06d. per train mile; a fact which must be assumed to demonstrate the very excellent and consistent management of the company. A difference of $\frac{1}{100}$ of a penny in the cost per train mile run does not seem a very important item; but when it is remembered that the train mileage of the North-Western Railway in the last half-year was more than 25,000,000 miles, even so small a difference assumes imposing proportions from the shareholders' point of view.

In the absence of a lead from Wall Street on Saturday and Monday, the London market in American rails seemed inclined to put up prices a little on its own account, and Wall Street itself, after New York operators had dug themselves out of the snowdrifts and reached their place of business, seemed also disposed to emulate Mark Tapley, and to show that the more depressing the weather the more cheerful they. American securities show a general improvement on the week, New York Central having risen as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$ and Northern Pacific Common $3\frac{1}{2}$. Union Pacific Common is up $1\frac{1}{2}$, and Union Pacific Preference and Central Pacific $1\frac{1}{2}$. This revival in the American market can be traced to very large and good buying of New York Centrals, and it is believed that this buying is connected with the supposed Vanderbilt scheme for a gigantic reorganisation of the trans-continental lines. It is generally understood that the Vanderbilts control the Union Pacific, although this has been denied; and it seems at least possible that some big scheme is at

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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 18 FEBRUARY, 1899.

A DOGMATIST AT PLAY.

"Down the Stream of Civilisation." By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. With 108 illustrations. London: Geo. Newnes. 1898.

THE facetious opening of the tourist notes which Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe has put together under the title of "Down the Stream of Civilisation," might suggest that he had forsaken those severe exercises in political speculation which have won him a place among the Hundred Minor Prophets of the Day. At the outset he is frankly, if not quite successfully comical, nor is there any suggestion of contemplated instructiveness. Seven friends—among them a Literary Failure, the author's playful name for himself—had agreed to go yachting in the Mediterranean. With one vote they declared that nothing could be more exhilarating than sailing through the Bay of Biscay. But when it came to the point, they one and all recollected some imperative reason for going to Marseilles overland. We are treated to frequent pleasantries on such recondite themes for jesting as sea-sickness, "chestnuts," and "Poker." How did that game come by its name? One of the party put this question to an American gentleman he met at Shephard's Hotel, Cairo.

"I believe," said he, "that Poker is a game which is a good deal played in America."

"Some," was the laconic reply.

"In that case, perhaps, you can tell me why Poker is called Poker?"

"What ails you, sir?" answered the Yankee. "If you are trying to get off your latest on me, I'm not dealing."

"Of course not, that is obvious," persisted his interlocutor. "I am not inviting you to play, but merely asking whether you can assign a reason for the name."

"Why," came the answer in crescendo tones, "why is Cricket called Cricket? Why are Cocktails called Cocktails? Why is anything called anything? I recommend you to consult a doctor, sir."

"And he did, but the doctor could not tell, because he did not know."

Mr. Donisthorpe is not often more inane than in the above passage. But once, at least, he beats it:—

"Get up, you lazy beast—Ajaccio is in sight, and the clock has just struck six," shouted the Hon. Sec. at Orlando's door.

"Why don't they strike him back?" groaned the Warrior, and turned over for another wink."

If the book consisted of such stale rubbish as this, it would not require any further notice in these columns than a few words of commendation to the great public who support the snippet literature of the day—the depressing and most evident result of Popular Education. But, for all his tedious clowning, Mr. Donisthorpe is a thoughtful and suggestive, if too dogmatic, writer. The cap and gown are more appropriate to him than the cap and bells. Perhaps he has assumed these antic airs in order to gain a wider hearing than he could get for his merely serious theories. It is a mistake, we think, in tactics, as well as in taste. Those who may be interested in his speculations will be disgusted by the pleasantries, while those who like his humour will skip the disquisitions. Yet he writes very well when he tries, and he generally does try when he is expounding what we believe to be wrongheaded views. His animating principles appear to be dislike of government, and contempt for religion—he is, in fact, a sort of toast-and-water Anarchist. Probably he would not hurt a fly; but in theory, at least, he would destroy most of the Institutions which he examined, and found wanting, in his jaunt Down the Stream of Civilisation. In a general way he finds it easy work to give his verdicts—any taint of authority or "superstition" is enough to justify condemnation. The difficulty begins when, by chance, his two animosities cross each other. At Constantinople, for instance, he set himself conscientiously to investigate the massacre of Armenians in that city. But his sympathy with the victims as rebels was at variance with his antipathy against them as Christians, while his hatred of the Turks as oppressors was modified by admiration for their contempt of the Cross. The result—for once—was a suspense of judgment. A Greek who could have given long odds to Baron Munchausen put the number of killed at 12,500; a Turkish official estimated the casualties between 50 and 60; a Jew pedlar said the precise figure was 1,120. "Clare had no difficulty," we are told, "in accepting the Greek's estimate. The Hon. Sec. thought the Turk had erred, if at all, on the side of exaggeration, while no one attached the slightest credence to the Jew, from which circumstance we may conclude that his version was most likely the true one—or at any rate the truest."

A flying visit to Rome impels our author to set the modern world right with regard to the persecutions of the Christians. This he does by adopting all the charges made against the early Christians—scandals about the Agapæ included. He puts forward as his authority the Fathers of the Church, forgetting that the witnesses whom he calls testify that the

Love Feasts were carried on for three centuries without offence, but "in after times" the heathen "began to tax them with impurity." The severities practised under Diocletian do indeed just fall within the fourth century, but those previous cannot be accounted for by misconduct such as Mr. Donisthorpe attributes to the victims. He cannot appeal to Pagan indictments because he has expressly declined to "cite any but Christian evidence in support of these charges." His value as a critic appears from his reference to Tacitus as an "impartial" historian. It is true enough that on this particular question the embittered rhetorician had no personal motive for taking sides; but his testimony is, we submit, somewhat impaired by the fact that he was quite unaware of any distinction existing between Jews and Christians. The latter, Mr. Donisthorpe says, were in Nero's time "not unreasonably suspected" of setting fire to Rome. The charge was made, we know, but no evidence was produced either at the time or afterwards. After this he writes with an air of learning—which might impose on the public to whom he appeals with his gossip travel notes—on the duties of the "candid critic." We admit that a real difficulty exists as to the persistent persecution of the Christians by Rulers who, as Mr. Donisthorpe says, were conspicuously tolerant of all religious creeds and practices except such as tended to undermine the morals and social life of the people." He might have gone further than this. They did not draw the line even where he suggests. The orgiastic rites and mysteries introduced from Egypt, Syria, and Thrace were, indeed, reprobated in Rome, but no systematic attempt was made to put them down by law. Christianity must have been singled out for repression because—for reasons which are not altogether clear—the Emperors and their chief agents and advisers believed that this particular creed was incompatible with loyalty to the sovereign claims of Rome. The circumstances and presumptions which gave rise to this belief have been discussed by many writers on the period, but, though they have explained something, it cannot be said that the subject has been exhausted. There remains plenty of scope for unprejudiced investigation. But the strong views expressed in this book show little sign of reflection, none of research.

It is a pity, we think, that Mr. Donisthorpe—who acquits himself creditably enough in abstract speculation—has so often got out of his depth by attempting to deal with concrete history. Mohammedanism he defines as a "variety of Christianity." After pointing out the beliefs common to both faiths, he remarks that "Catholicism"—the European form of Christianity—has "gravitated towards external idolatry," while the Southern or Mohammedan form has "gravitated towards internal ecstasy." The antithesis has, of course, a show of plausibility; it is partly true of a single aspect of each of the two religions. But Mr. Donisthorpe is apparently under the impression that he has summed up the whole case—and left out nothing worth consideration—when he has referred to the "imbecilities of Lourdes," the "inanities of the purgatorial staircase at Rome," and to the "bestial antics and gruntings of dancing and howling Dervishes." In so far as the two religions are pure, he declares them to be identical—a remark which shows a fairly comprehensive ignorance of each. Probably all that he means is that in all the religions which have been followed by progressive peoples there is a common element of morality. But he need not have gone abroad to make that discovery. It is a nice question, sometimes,

How much a dunce who has been sent to roam

Excels a dunce who has been kept at home.

To return to Mr. Donisthorpe, we are informed that the difference between Christianity and Mohammedanism is but a difference in degradation. "The one shows us Monotheism tricked out in the childish tinketry of a dead mythology—Greek, Latin, and Teutonic. The other shows it steeped in the sermons and intoxicating mysticism of decadent Alexandrian philosophers and Persian dreamers. There is no health in either." Let us pass over Mr. Donisthorpe's history—we will concede him his Western "tinketry" and his Eastern "mysticism." In what sense, we should like to know, does he use the word "health"? At what point in his journeyings did he discover any signs of the imminent collapse of either of these fairly ancient and seemingly popular faiths? Is it wise of an Individualist to scoff at doctrines for their supposed lack of vitality? His own little creed—compact and cocksure as it is—was scarcely heard of before the beginning of the present century. Already it has been almost universally abandoned.

AN ARTIST'S MEMORIES.

"Sketches from Memory." By G. A. Storey, A.R.A. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

Those who know Mr. G. A. Storey will, as they turn the leaves of this bright but unpretentious collection of artistic and personal reminiscences, recognise the man in every line. His kind heart, keen observation, and ever-ready humour, so near akin to the pathos underlying his nature and his work, are all evident in these entertaining pages, the charm of which is enhanced by many dainty illustrations. Young Storey's artistic faculties showed themselves at a very early age, and his various

scribblings and sketches on stray bits of note-paper led to his being taken by a friend to the studio of Behnès, the sculptor, a man of some note in his day. It was at Behnès' rooms, where he was allowed to make models, or to draw from casts whenever he liked, that the lad first saw Charles Dickens. Whilst waiting for the sculptor one morning, Dickens was evidently highly amused at the sight of a small boy sitting in front of the gigantic foot of the Farnese Hercules, with a bun on one side of him and a lump of clay on the other, striving to "thumb" into shape an enormous toe. Dickens, who was then a lively and handsome young man, patted little Storey on the head, and said many kind things to him, and it was only when he had left the studio that the lad knew who it was. His delight was great, for it was his own childish sketches of the "Immortal Pickwickians" which led to his being taken to Behnès' studio.

Young Storey's first school was at Morden Hall, in Surrey, where of course he made friends, and was happy; he could not help it; such seemed to be—and is—his purpose in life! From Morden he went to Paris, and was placed under the charge of a M. Morand, who kept "a sort of mixed establishment, half boarding-house and half school," for the purpose of preparing pupils for St. Cyr. He arrived in Paris at a very eventful period, just before the outbreak of the revolution of 1848. He lived with the Morands through the whole of that exciting time, and rapidly became very cosmopolitan indeed. He was fortunate in having for his drawing-master a M. Dulong, who trained him patiently, and taught him to begin at the foot of the ladder and climb upwards! At this time Storey had no thought of adopting an art career—he, as yet, looked upon drawing and painting as a delightful amusement, especially when M. Dulong obtained for him the privilege of copying in the Louvre. So, in spite of revolution and bloodshed, his life in Paris as a boy passed brightly enough, and, at the end of 1849, he returned to England, leaving his French friends with the deepest regret. Even to this day "Old Paris" has a great charm for him, his adaptive nature having absorbed its picturesqueness, as well as rendered him fully alive to the attractions of its artistic inhabitants. It was to Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., that the young student first took his portfolio of "things" he had done in Paris. One evening Mrs. Leslie brought in some drawings done by her daughter Mary to show him. She described them as possessing "taste with faithfulness;" these words sank deep into Storey's mind, and his work afterwards showed how well he understood them. At the Leslie's he met the three Landseers—then at their zenith—and members of the brilliant band of young painters with Millais at their head then coming to the front, whose ranks he longed to join. Three parts of this delightful volume are occupied with unique sketches of Spanish life, the outcome of his long sojourn in Spain. On his return to England, he found that his band of comrades had gone on well ahead, but it was some time yet before he himself made his mark. He loved his art well, however, and recognition came in 1873, when his picture of "Miss Dorothy" caught the public eye, and gave him a name. Mr. Storey has the happy faculty of drawing out "every man's best." He is ever sympathetic with those less professionally fortunate than himself. If it has now become inevitable that men who are not in the front rank should publish their reminiscences, then their chief excuse must be such discretion and kindness as mark this volume.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

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 "Manual of English Grammar and Composition" (J. C. Nesfield). Macmillan.
 "Vor den Sturm" (Aloys Weiss). Macmillan.

Stormonth's Handy School Dictionary is a useful book of reference for those pupils who do not possess an English-foreign dictionary. But why a table of appendices should be considered necessary, while one of prefixes is regarded as superfluous, is difficult to understand. Pitman's Rapid Series embraces all sorts and conditions of books and subjects, from German Shorthand to Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme;" some are very good, but of others of the Rapid Series it may be said "more haste worse speed," as the pupil is taken along too quickly. In the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for instance, the notes are too often cryptic in their brevity, not to say misleading: thus the phrase "he comes" is described as colloquial

English in the sentence "you shall hear it when he comes." Surely this is the purest pedantry.

The chief defect in "Der Neffe als Onkel" is the smallness of the print, which is very trying to the eyes. "German Business Interviews" strikes one as a thoroughly practical compilation. The same may be said of the "French Business Letters," though perhaps a better beginning might have been made with an ordinary business letter than with a lawyer's letter. Another eminently practical book is the brochure on German shorthand, with instructions in English and German. "Allerlei: Tit-bits in German," is a book that is intended to teach colloquial German in a desultory fashion by means of anecdotes, many of which are worthy of the "Fliegende Blätter." The following is one unfavourable specimen:—*Englishman*: "The sun does not set in our empire; he shines for ever on English ground." *Zulu*: "I suppose God does not want to leave the English in the dark—he does not trust them." "Examinations in German, and how to pass them," is a compilation with which we have little sympathy, as it is a mere aid to cramming. A far more useful book is "Economie Domestique," though it seems rather incongruous to have a French book with the table of contents in English.

It is no mean achievement to compress the geography of Africa within the compass of 100 pages, but this is what Mr. Lionel Tyde has contrived to do. There are, however, some notable omissions. No indication is given of the countries to which Mauritius, Réunion, or the Seychelles belong, not to mention the South Atlantic islands. Events, too, in the Soudan have rendered the political history of Egypt out of date. Khartoum, indeed, is mentioned, but no reference is made to the recent occupation. In his efforts to be brief, the author is somewhat obscure; thus he talks of "a lake irrigated from the curious Bahr Yusuf;" this can only make the ordinary schoolboy wonder what is a Bahr, and why this particular Bahr is curious. Still an attempt is made to insist on essential facts, and unimportant details are rigorously avoided. Another excellent book is "English Prose for Junior and Senior Classes," which contains selections from Scott and Stevenson. We welcome this book as a valuable aid towards making English literature more popular among schoolboys, and giving it the proper position it should hold in the school curriculum. We must confess to believing that English is best learnt through the medium of the best English. We are not so sure of the need of studying so fully the English grammar. A modicum of parsing and a judicious course in analysis are no doubt excellent things, but the study of grammar, and especially of English grammar, tends, like the study of formal logic, from which it springs, to the mere cramming up of a mass of scholastic terms. Mr. Nesfield has produced an English grammar that contains many good points, but we are fain to break a lance with him at the very outset over his definition of a sentence "as a combination of words." Surely such words as "Fire!" "Go!" are in themselves sentences. It is useless to say they are elliptical, as with "go" no one thinks of the word "thou," but at most of the idea "thou," and Mr. Nesfield is careful to point out that the subject is not "what we think about" (*i.e.* the idea), but the *word or words denoting* what we speak about. We strongly sympathise with Mr. Nesfield's protest against paraphrasing, a process which only a pedant's soul could have ever conceived. It is a far cry from paraphrasing to German translation. The "Vor den Sturm" of Theodor Fontane has been well edited by a Dr. Aloys Weiss in Siepmann's German series. It is an excellent idea of the general editor to introduce into English schools the almost unknown works of such distinguished German writers as Grillparzer, Rosegger, and Fontane. The latter has, for a German, a singularly lucid style, due no doubt in part to his French origin. The print of the book is excellent, and the notes judicious. The English for re-translation at the end of the book is a first-rate idea. It embodies the German method of using the reading-book as the centre for teaching composition and grammar. In fact, the tendency of to-day is more and more to look on grammars as books of reference.

SCIENCE MANUALS.

1. "Recent Advances in Astronomy." By Alfred H. Fison, D.Sc. London: Blackie and Son.
2. "Mathematical and Physical Tables." By Wrafoor and Gee. London: Macmillan and Co.
3. "Class-Book of Physical Geography." By W. Hughes, F.R.G.S.; revised and re-written by R. A. Gregory, F.R.A.S. London: George Philip and Son.
4. "A New Sequel to Euclid." By W. J. Dilworth, M.A. London: Blackie and Son.
5. "Advanced Inorganic Chemistry." By J. H. Bailey, D.Sc. (The Organised Science Series.) London: W. B. Clive.
6. "A Text-Book of Botany." By J. M. Lowson. (The University Tutorial Series.) London: W. B. Clive.
7. "A Manual of Psychology." Vol. 1. By G. F. Stout, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) London: W. B. Clive.

(1) "Recent Advances in Astronomy" is a book probably founded on University Extension Lectures. The matter could

not be better, the various points are well put, the arrangement is logical, and scientific difficulties are elucidated with admirable clearness. On the other hand, the style reads at times like a bad translation from the German, notably the opening sentences of Chapters I. and IV. As the chapters are quite disconnected, it would be better not to start a new chapter on the same page, as in the case of Chapter IV. (2) "Mathematical and Physical Tables for the use of Students in Technical Schools and Colleges" seem exactly to fulfil their purpose. Print, paper, and general arrangement are all first-class. (3) Hughes' "Class-Book of Physical Geography" has been quite brought up to date by its new editor, Professor Gregory. It is, however, rather a book for the teacher than the solitary student, who might find its pages too heavy and condensed. It gives adequate space to astronomical questions and makes a full study of meteorology. Weather is a subject of such constant interest that it probably forms the best gateway into physical geography for junior classes. The book might be better from the teacher's point of view if the scattered references to books and papers given in the notes were collected in an appendix. (4) Dilworth's "New Sequel to Euclid" will be useful alike to the private student and the teacher who wishes to put his class through a connected and well thought out plan of geometry. But we cannot agree with the author's dictum, that three books of Euclid should be mastered before any riders are attempted except the simplest corollaries to the propositions of Euclid. Surely, if anywhere there is scope for the Heuristic method, it is in geometry. (5) Bailey's "Advanced Inorganic Chemistry" is unfortunately a book with a purpose, but the matter of the prescribed syllabus has been on the whole intelligently treated. The book suggests the atmosphere of the laboratory, and experiments are often indicated, though not quite fully enough explained. The idea of describing manufacturing processes fully is fairly well carried out, but the author is somewhat sparing in diagrams. There is a little confusion from the reader's point of view between the name of the two soda processes on p. 145 seq. Lowson's (6) "Text-Book of Botany" is not an educational work, but rather a "cram" book for passing examinations at short notice. There is a lavish use, not to say abuse, of technical terms which must discourage any but the most ardent crammer-up of subjects. If there must be cramming, let the would-be "parsee" stick to Scott's "Structural Botany," and forswear works of this kind, in which the diagrams given are all on the same scale, and the reader cannot tell whether they are magnified or "minified," or to what extent. Thus a pollen grain and a leaf are presumably of the same size according to the sketches given. One really helpful idea is carried out at the end of the book, where the author gives a list of Greek and Latin roots used in botany. Of Mr. Stout's (7) "Manual of Psychology" it is unnecessary to speak except in terms of praise. There is a refreshing absence of sketchiness about the book, and a clear desire manifested to interest the student in the subject rather than to help some ignoramus of an "examinee" to bluff his examiners.

THE SPRING PUBLISHING SEASON.

Biography, Religion, and the Novel figure prominently in the lists of forthcoming books. Messrs. Macmillan are preparing a cheaper edition of the "Life of Lord Tennyson," as well as a popular issue of part of the late Poet Laureate's work; and Messrs. Longmans have in the press biographies of William Morris and Francis Turner Palgrave—the first by J. W. Mackail, and the other by Gwenllian Palgrave, daughter of the late editor of "The Golden Treasury." Importance may attach to the letters written by Thomas Carlyle to his sister (Mrs. Hanning), which Mr. C. T. Copeland has edited for Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They may help some of us to regain that feeling for "the master" which Mr. Ruskin cherishes even now in the twilight at Brantwood, but which Froude, Miss Jewsbury, and others have done so much (with fine courage on the one hand and bitterness aforethought on the other) to shatter. "The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant," edited by Mrs. Coghill, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood in March.

Several memoirs of eminent churchmen are promised very shortly. One, of Bishop Durnford, by the present Dean of Winchester, will be issued by Mr. Murray, who has also in hand a memoir of Dr. Liddell, by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, now an Oxford vicar and formerly student and censor of Dean Liddell's College, Christchurch. Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke's memoir of the late Duchess of Teck is also announced by Mr. Murray. Mr. W. E. Manners' book, on the "Life and Campaigns of Commander-in-Chief the Marquis of Granby" (temp. Georges II. and III.), which Messrs. Macmillan promise almost immediately, should be acceptable, not only to the military student, but also to all who are interested in the social phases of the early Georgian epoch. Apropos of the Georges, Mr. Nimmo's handsome twelve-volume library issue of the works of Burke has just been completed. The Napoleonic revival in Paris has a sort of miniature reflection in the English book world. The stream of English reminiscences of the Man of Destiny is not yet stemmed. Sir Arthur Wilson, K.C.I.E., of the India Office,

has edited for Messrs. Innes a volume called "A Diary of St. Helena, 1816-17." This diary was written by Lady Pulteney Malcolm, and contains an almost verbatim note of conversations between that lady's husband and Napoleon, at the time when Sir P. Malcolm was Commander of the Cape Station. The MS. of the Diary has been in the possession of the Elphinstone family. Messrs. Nisbet have a biography of Danton in hand, by M. Hilaire Belloc, who promises the first complete study of Danton based on original documents.

Messrs. Putnams are about to add to their "Heroes of the Nations" series a new volume on Bismarck by J. W. Headlam, M.A.; a book entitled "Cromwell as a Soldier," from the pen of Major Baldock, R.A. is to form the next addition to the Wolseley Series (Kegan Paul), and a new and cheap edition of Dr. Samuel Church's "Life of Cromwell" will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnams. For the same publishers a biographical survey, in four octavo volumes, of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the Close of the Nineteenth Century has been prepared by Moses Coit Tyler. What promises to be a valuable history of the Spanish-American War, written by the war leaders themselves, will be published by Messrs. Gay and Bird. The American and Cuban leaders contribute to the book: to make it complete, General Blanco and Admiral Cervera should be included. Miss Helen Zimmern, the translator of Bismarck's Memoirs, has done into English, for Messrs. Innes, Ferrero's important book on "Militarism," a book dealing with the whole system of standing armies up to date. A work of kindred interest, though of less ambitious scope, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title of "The New Leviathan; or, the World at Peace." The author is J. A. Farrer.

Who are the actual living representatives of the sixty English princesses (commencing with the daughters of William the Conqueror) who have issue surviving to the present day? A four-volume work, designed by Henry Murray Lane, the Chester Herald, to set this knotty problem and its affinities at rest, is about to be issued by Messrs. Innes. Vol. I. is likely to appear this month, and Vol. IV. next October. The title chosen is "The Royal Daughters of England." Next week Mr. Heinemann will publish the "Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain," a work giving glimpses of Spanish and French Court life in the early part of the eighteenth century, and demonstrating the power of a woman who could stand alone against Europe and could also shine in the softer atmosphere of the social circle. The book will contain numerous reproductions of contemporary portraits. A work that has now become exceedingly rare, the "French Memoirs" of Lady Jackson, which deals with divers periods and phases of French history and customs from the time of Henry of Navarre to that of Louis Philippe, is being re-issued by Mr. Nimmo in fourteen volumes at six guineas net to subscribers. New type and new plates are features of this delightful reprint, which is copyright by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan.

Theological works on the point of publication include Canon Gore's "Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans" (Murray); "The Episcopate of Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews" by Dr. John Wordsworth (Longmans); and "The Constitutional Authority of Bishops in the Catholic Church," by Dr. Wirgman (Longmans). Messrs. Methuen announce the inaugural volumes of two new series—Byzantine Texts and Oxford Commentaries—in (1) "The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius," edited by Professor Bury and two Belgian scholars, MM. Bidez and Parmentier; and (2) "The Book of Job," edited by Dr. Gibson, Vicar of Leeds. A work on "The Lord's Supper," by the Bishop of Worcester, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. Canon Jelf, of Rochester, will issue, through Messrs. Innes, a book, entitled "Messiah Cometh: the Witness, the Welcome, and the Warning of the Old Testament." Mr. James Bowden has almost ready for publication a work by a rising Congregational minister (the Rev. E. Griffith-Jones) dealing, under the title of "The Ascent Through Christ," with the doctrine of evolution in its relation to Christianity. Messrs. Blackwood have in active preparation an important new edition of Professor Campbell Fraser's "Philosophy of Theism." To the "Heroes of the Reformation" series Messrs. Putnams will, in March, add a volume on "Theodore Beza (1519-1605)," by H. M. Baird.

Among forthcoming educational works, Mr. Henry Frowde announces Demosthenes' "Oration on the Crown," with introduction and notes by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. To the International Scientific Series, issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., will shortly be added a volume entitled "On Buds and Stipules," by Sir John Lubbock. Messrs. Bell promise an exceptionally interesting series of "Handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. Mr. Lane has nearly ready "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley," edited with an introduction by Mr. H. C. Marillier.

Mr. Richard Marsh's new book "Frivolities" (James Bowden) will be addressed to "persons who are tired of being serious," or more probably to those who seldom are so.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott is about to make a departure through Messrs. Greening with a social satire entitled "A Trip to Paradoxia." A volume of travel essays by "Vernon Lee"

called "Genius Loci" is promised by Mr. Grant Richards. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are preparing a pocket edition of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

"The Musician's Pilgrimage: a Study in Artistic Development," by J. A. Fuller-Maitland, M.A., the musical critic of the "Times," will be issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. on 25 February. "Work and Life: a Study of the Social Problem," by J. A. Hobson; and "Woman as Citizen," by Miss Evelyn March Phillips (Innes), are two books likely to prove in keeping with the spirit of the time.

A book describing the Holland of to day, from the pen of David S. Meldrum, will be issued on 1 March by Messrs. Blackwood, who will shortly add a volume on "Roxburgh, Peebles and Selkirk," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., to their County Histories of Scotland. To their Isthmian Library, Messrs. Innes will add two volumes—(1) "Tennis and Racquets," by Eustace H. Miles, and (2) "Small Boat Sailing," by E. F. Knight.

Messrs. Stevens and Sons have in the press Vol. XVIII. and XIX. of "Campbell's Ruling Cases." The same publishers also announce a fourth edition of "Sebastian on the Law of Trade Marks," by L. B. Sebastian, and a sixth edition of "Steer's Parish Law," by W. H. Macnamara.

Paris, apparently, entertains the idea that London (or for that matter England) is producing no good fiction. Perhaps, however, our critics across the Channel may find something to entertain them in the host of new novels promised shortly. "The Lunatic at Large," by Mr. J. Storer Clouston, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish, is by a new writer who seems to have written on somewhat new lines. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who is regarded by many acute critics as now entering the promised land of popular applause, has written a novel called "A Daughter of the Vine" (Service and Paton). Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel "A Son of Empire" will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson. "The Passing of Prince Rozan," from the pen of Mr. John Bickerdyke, is a romance of the sea and the city. Mr. Thomas Burleigh is the publisher. "Frank Redland, Recruit," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, is among Mr. John Long's forthcoming novels.

A new Sixpenny Art Magazine, called "The Butterfly," will make its appearance on 1 March from the office of Mr. Grant Richards.

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present in the air for amalgamating the Union Pacific with the lines that connect it with New York, the Chicago and North-Western, Michigan Central, Lake Shore and New York Central lines. By this means New York would be in direct communication under one company with Ogden, and thence trains would run over the Vanderbilt lines to Portland, Oregon. The scheme is now said to go even further than this, and to contemplate a connexion between Ogden and San Francisco parallel and in opposition to the Central Pacific. There is no doubt that, if this scheme has really been conceived and can possibly be carried out, very large economies in operating expenses can be effected, and that New York Centrals as the basis of the scheme will benefit most of all. On the other hand, the plan will meet with bitter opposition from Mr. Huntington, who controls the Southern Pacific system and the Central Pacific. He it was, indeed, who, when it was suggested that the Vanderbilts were to buy the Central Pacific in order to complete the connexion between New York and San Francisco, first threatened to parallel the line and ruin the heavily mortgaged Central Pacific. If, however, the Vanderbilt scheme is really being considered, it is not unlikely that we shall witness in the near future a further remarkable revival of activity in the American market.

We have already referred to the main influences which have led to the set-back in the South African market. The liquidation of the accounts of the too adventurous jobber whose career was suddenly cut short by the denial of facilities for carrying over, gave the first signal for the decline; but this, owing to the great strength of the market, would have had little effect had it not been for another heavy realisation of Gold Fields shares. The Trust Français disposed of the whole of its holding, amounting to 100,000 shares in the Consolidated Gold Fields. A large part of this block was taken firm by a powerful group, and had all the shares been thus disposed of, little harm would have been done. Unfortunately, however, a large number of the shares were injudiciously placed, and the new holders rather too hastily set themselves to dispose of their shares. The set-back thus occasioned frightened the nervous speculators who had flocked from the West-end into the City at the beginning of the revival of activity in South Africans, and the realisation of their accounts necessarily caused a further decline. We believe, however, that the bottom has almost been reached, for the advances previously scored were in most cases fully justified by the achievements and the prospects of the better-class mines of the Witwatersrand. The present year is likely to see as great an improvement in the working of the mines as did 1898, and whilst last year, owing to political alarms, prices were at the end of the year considerably lower than at the beginning, they have now in all probability been raised to a permanently higher level. Shares which have been sold have passed from weak into strong hands, and the dangerous elements in the market have been to a large extent eliminated. A strong feeling has been aroused in the House against the rash speculators who overload themselves with shares which they are unable to carry, and it was felt that strong measures had to be taken, and may again have to be taken, to protect the market against the unscrupulous tactics of certain members. Generally, the reaction is considered to be healthy, and to have merely prepared the way for a fresh advance in the prices of those South African securities which are intrinsically worth more than their present prices. Now, in fact, is the time for those who have confidence in the future of the South African mining industry to buy, and those who best know the facts with regard to the industry are precisely those who have most confidence in the future. It is to be noticed that the mines to which we have drawn the attention of our readers as sound and valuable properties have declined least from the values attained last week. The Van Ryn, the Roodepoort United, Nourse Deep, Crown Deep, Rose Deep, Glen Deep, Robinson Deep, Rand Victoria, and, amongst the land and finance companies, Rand Mines, New Steyn Estates and Mozambiques are good purchases at present prices.

A deal has just been concluded between the Meyer and Charlton and Wolhuter Companies which will have an important bearing on the future of the former Company. The Meyer and Charlton holds 33 mining claims. Nine of these, however, were formerly separated from the main block of the Company's property by some eight claims belonging to the Wolhuter Company. Some time ago arrangements were made with the Wolhuter for the Meyer and Charlton to drive its shaft through these intervening claims into the deep-level block. Now, however, the Meyer and Charlton has bought the eight claims from the Wolhuter Company for £105,000, and has thus not only consolidated its property into one compact block, but has also extended the life of the mine some five or six years. The Meyer and Charlton has an excellent record. On its small capital of £85,000 it has paid regular dividends for the past ten years, beginning with 20 per cent. in 1888, and rising to 50 per cent. in 1897, and 60 per cent. in 1898. At present it is earning profits equivalent to dividends of 90 per cent., and it will be able to pay for the claims acquired from the Wolhuter out of its cash in hand. Working costs at this mine have been reduced to the extremely low figure of 18s. per ton, and the yield is at present nearly 9½ dwts. per ton. Assuming the life with the additional claims to be sixteen years, and allowing, therefore, 5 per cent. for amortisation, to yield 7 per cent. to the investor and the return of capital, the price of the shares should be about 7½. The present price is 6½, and the shares seem therefore cheap.

We referred last week to the important scheme which was being arranged between Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co. and the Consolidated Gold Fields, for the exploitation of the third row deep levels of the Central Rand. Full details of the scheme are now available. The Rand Mines Deep, Limited, is to have a capital of £1,000,000. Of this the vendors will receive £600,000 in shares, and the working capital will be provided by the private issue of 150,000 shares to be underwritten at £2 per share. The Company will thus have 250,000 reserve shares, and £300,000 in cash with which to commence the development of the properties to be acquired. As we stated last week, the Rand Mines Deep, Limited, will own practically the whole of the third row of deep levels from the eastern boundary of the Rand Victoria property to a point south of the Crown Deep. Altogether it will own 1,169 claims and a farm of 500 acres which is not yet proclaimed. The Jupiter Company has sold to the new Company 183 claims, the Simmer West 25, and the Rand Victoria 300; the remainder of the claims are put into the combination by Messrs. Wernher, Beit, Messrs. Neumann, the Gold Fields of Matabeleland and the Research and Development Company. All the shares issued will be strictly pooled, and none will come upon the market for at least twelve months after the formation of the Company. Boreholes will be immediately sunk on different parts of the property, and in the course of two or three years some of the third row deep-level mines should be able to start crushing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WEST AFRICAN ADMINISTRATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 St. Mary Abbott's Terrace,
Kensington, W.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure all those interested in West Africa will feel that they owe you a debt of gratitude for devoting your attention to West African administration, and also I feel certain all my friends will view with satisfaction my being again involved in difficulties and well blown up. Of course the general opinion will be that it serves me right; but I do not share this view, and I will briefly attempt to tell you why I think you have been harsh on me in your article on "West African Administration."

Firstly, the support of the military forces, under my scheme, falls on the African Administration like all other incidental expenses.

Secondly, I beg to respectfully urge on you that there is hardly any change in the present system so much required as the one I suggest in the matter of collecting customs; therefore, if this change is not yet within the sphere of practical politics, the sooner it gets there the better. If you realised the number of men's lives sacrificed to collecting customs on the West Coast of Africa, the expensiveness of the large staff so collecting customs entails, the vexatious waste of time and temper it involves, the amount of leakage of revenue from smuggling incidental to it, I feel certain you would, not in my way very likely, but in some way, introduce into practical politics the collection in Europe of the customs charge on the African trade. It would seem to me indeed strange if, with all our home organisation we could not devise some method whereby the tax on tobacco, salt, and spirits—all the articles I think necessary to tax—could be collected. For one thing, the European ports from which vessels sail to Guinea are very few, and such being the case, I cannot for the life of me see why you cannot collect your dues in those ports instead of along the long coast-line of West Africa.

Thirdly, regarding the government of natives by natives, &c. I have evidently not made myself clear; but I expressly stated I did not lay before you this native side of the scheme—for one thing, I did not think anyone would trouble to read it—but the sub-commissioner under my scheme would be in an equivalent position to the British Resident in the Malay Peninsula. If a British Resident in the Malay Peninsula can keep his very lively local natives quiet, it would be child's play for a British Resident to do so in West Africa. As I have said, he must be an expert man who knows his West African, and he must not delegate his authority to ex-slaves, &c., who, clad in a little brief authority, get Her Majesty's Government disliked. We have had too much of this sort of thing in West Africa, and from it have arisen incidents that are alike hideous and pitiful, and should be impossible.

Fourthly, what you say of my opinion on the transfer to the Colonial Office of territories now under the Foreign Office, I beg to say I have no clear opinion on that subject. Speaking in general, from information received from tropical Africa at large, I should say that every region now under the Foreign Office would willingly fling itself upon the bosom of the Colonial Office and vice versa. My opinion is quite clear about the inadvisability of extending the Crown Colony system to any further territory, but this is another matter. All that I want to make clear is that it is the Crown Colony system as it stands that I dislike. If I have any opinion on the subject of the Colonial and the Foreign Office, it is that one of them should have all our tropical possessions in Africa, provided either of them can manage them properly, for it must be kept in mind affairs and trade on the African continent are considerably mixed and interdependent.

In regard to the hut-tax war of Sierra Leone, I should be deeply grateful to you if you would permit me to speak. I have said what I think about that war very carefully. I have never in word, or writing, said one word against Governor Sir Frederick Cardew nor against the English officers of the Frontier Police. During the past twelve months I have had, from various sources, sent in to me masses of adverse criticism on both. I have kept it by me—filed it for reference; but it has gone no further, for it was not my business—it was the business of Sir David Chalmers, Her Majesty's Commissioner, a gentleman whom I have never seen and do not know, but whom I do know the natives of West Africa look upon as a representative Englishman of the type that won their trust and their affection. My abuse of that war has been entirely from an ethnological standpoint—a standpoint you will find stated by me in a letter to the "Spectator," of April of last year. The "Spectator," a paper I deeply respect, will persist in making me repeatedly fly at its head—a thing that up to this present sad time the SATURDAY has not done. In addition to my statement that the objection to the hut-tax was that it meant confiscation of prop-

erty by the English Government—property the English Government had solemnly declared to the Africans it meant to respect and preserve to the native owners—I own that I have said that as a method of keeping down the African population the hut-tax war was effective; but, on the other hand, there was no money to be made by it by the English Government. That, from a commercial point of view, keeping down the West African population was idiotic folly, because the increase of that population was a thing to foster, not suppress, and personally I have been engaged in seeing if something could not be done to decrease the awful West African infant mortality from tetanus; for it is a dreadful thing to think of the quantity of infants who die of it, who, if preserved, might grow up to be interesting to the ethnologist and customers of the trader.

Fifthly, I do not say "practically" we cannot afford to civilise West Africa out of sheer philanthropy. I say we can afford it, but it is not worth doing as we are at present doing it, because the present method does not civilise Africa, it uncivilises. But what is this civilisation I hear so much of? The thing that to-day is being used as a cloak for brutality, just as philanthropy and religion have been used as cloaks to cover private greed. Civilisation, as far as I can make out, means a certain stage of perfection in arts and crafts; it is not an ethical or moral affair, for the most civilised States are known to have been the most notoriously deficient in both these things. There seems to me to be a confusion in terms in the public mind on this point. Respectfully, sir, I beg you not to confound a habit of wearing either corsets or trousers with a pure morality. The wearing of these things may indicate an advance in arts and crafts, but such an advance is not a thing to be confounded with true advancement on moral lines, nor a thing worth England sacrificing recklessly her men's lives or her treasure on. In conclusion, I hastily beg to remark railways are excellent things in West Africa when made in the proper direction and made on sound business principles.

Apologising for detaining you at this length,—I remain, yours gratefully,
MARY H. KINGSLEY.

IRISH UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 Evelyn Gardens, S.W., 13 February, 1899.

SIR,—The penalty of obscurity is to be inadequately reported; the penalty of error is to be corrected by the SATURDAY REVIEW. To the first offence I plead guilty, but not to the second. I think you must have been misinformed when you wrote the somewhat severe criticism upon a recent speech of mine which appears in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 11th inst.

I made no confusion, as you suggest I did, between the original proposal to found a strictly Roman Catholic University on the one hand, and Mr. Balfour's recent scheme for the creation of a university which he declares is "not to be Roman Catholic" on the other. On the contrary, I took particular pains to distinguish between the two, and to explain the difference to my audience. The former plan I strongly condemned; of Mr. Balfour's scheme I said that it was a totally different proposal; that while I did not like it, I thought the wisest attitude for my hearers to adopt in regard to it was "to keep their own counsel and not depart one inch from the position they held" until they knew exactly what was proposed, until they had received an assurance from the Roman Catholic bishops that the proposal was regarded by them as a full satisfaction of their demands, and until they knew what was the value of the guarantees which the bishops were prepared to give.

Again, you say—I feel sure on insufficient information—that I "courted Orange cheers" by stating that universities such as that proposed by Mr. Balfour "had been found intolerable, and had been forbidden in every country that had tried them." This is a mistake. I did not make this statement, and could not possibly have made it. I did say, and it is true, that the idea of a "State-endowed, test-protected Roman Catholic University" no longer found supporters in

Europe, and that, subject to the exceptions I named, such institutions had been abolished. I did also say that there was not a single university of the kind in Germany, and in making this remark I relied upon the authority of Professor Delbruck, a letter from whom I had in my hand and which is before me now, in which, in reply to my inquiry as to whether any test-protected, State-endowed Roman Catholic university survived in Germany, he replied emphatically, "There is not one in the German Empire."

You do me the compliment of believing that I am not unacquainted with the general arrangements of the German universities, and I think I may fairly claim that, having done the best I could to inform myself upon the subject, I have some right to the compliment. But you go further, and allege that, in order to curry favour with my constituents, I have deliberately mis-stated facts, and have concealed what I knew to be the truth. There is no foundation whatever for this charge. Nor is it just to say that I have made exaggerated or violent statements in order to humour the mood of those to whom I addressed myself. I have too much respect for my Belfast audiences, and, if I may say so, for myself, to do this. I have made many speeches to my constituents, and I venture to believe that those who have heard me so often and listened to me so patiently will, without exception, testify to the fact that I have been moderate and fair in dealing with controverted matters, and that I have always sought to reason with and convince my hearers, rather than to inflame their passions and appeal to their prejudices.

As to Mr. Balfour's scheme, I dislike it and distrust it. I dislike the way in which it has been brought forward, but I do not, and never have, confused it with the earlier scheme. When the time comes I think I can give reasons for my dislike and distrust. Meanwhile, I am naturally anxious not to be prejudiced by misrepresentations such as I think your editorial paragraph contains, and I trust, therefore, you will be able to find space for this letter.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

[If we have misrepresented Mr. Arnold-Forster's meaning, we are sorry. We took his words as reported at what may be inadequate length, but, since the report filled two columns and a half of the "Northern Whig," we supposed it must be verbatim. Mr. Arnold-Forster's speech was made after Mr. Balfour had received the deputation at Manchester, and he "had read Mr. Balfour's letter." This he told his audience, and then in the same sentence said "he (Mr. Balfour) had told them that this university was not to be a Roman Catholic University. That was rather a dark saying. A Roman Catholic University was a Roman Catholic University, even though Mr. Balfour chose to say that it was not." Later on, Mr. Arnold-Forster describes Mr. Balfour's scheme as a red herring drawn across the path. What is this, if not a suggestion that Mr. Balfour's scheme was in reality a university of the type condemned? Indeed, if it was not, why should a man of Mr. Arnold-Forster's intellectual penetration waste his time and that of his audience in belabouring a scheme not before the country? Similarly, it would be entirely irrelevant to show that Germany had no universities similar to what no one proposed to set up in Ireland. On the other hand, it would have been very relevant to explain that Germany has arrangements for university teaching much on the lines of Mr. Balfour's proposal. In the Roman Catholic districts, the State-endowed universities are Catholic in their atmosphere; and they are not found to be intolerable. Has Mr. Arnold-Forster any right to complain of our suggestion that he was courting Orange cheers, when he is content, before an Orange crowd, to endorse an ejaculation from the audience that the Roman Church wanted to "gain absolute control over the British Crown"?

There is this difference between such an attitude and that of Mr. Balfour, that while Mr. Balfour rests his case on grounds of justice, grounds absolutely non-theological, Mr. Arnold-Forster rests his on ferocious antipathy to the Roman Church. We doubt if, we

will not say Roman Catholics, but any sober-minded man or woman, after reading in its entirety the report of Mr. Arnold-Forster's speech in the "Northern Whig," would say that he was either "moderate" or "fair" in his comments on the Roman Catholic Church—comments that one would rather look for in a "No Popery" demagogue of Exeter Hall than in a markedly thinking man, who bears a great name in the world of intellect.—ED. S.R.]

WOMEN ARTISTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moulton Grange, Northampton, 9 February, 1899.

SIR,—May I venture to suggest, *re* your article on Women Artists, 4 February, that it is hardly fair to women to make the fact of their sex responsible for a lack of perfection in their work, which is in reality due to deficient general training? Women ask that their work may be judged by the same standard—and paid at the same rate—as that of men; but they ask first to get the same start in life, and to work in the same conditions. The question is only one of sex, in so far as sex trammels education. What work would men produce under the difficulties which all women-workers have to face?

In time, one hopes that girls of every class will be brought up to some definite career, as boys are. But that happy day is only beginning to dawn, and it is still true that the only women-workers are those who are forced into that groove by poverty, except the infinitesimal few who are carried there by the volcanic power of genius. The best work is not expected from a man of the same class, handicapped as he is by want of funds for tuition, and by the compulsion to produce "pot-boilers" at the time he should still be learning, not producing. Why should it be looked for from a woman-worker of the same class, who is still more heavily handicapped by the facts that, while the need to work is as pressing, the openings are fewer and the difficulties greater? Let women have a fair training and a fair start, and then, if they are beaten in the race, by all means point the finger of scorn. As matters are, you expect a half-trained filly to race over a long and stiff steeplechase course in competition with a highly trained colt who is only asked to do five furlongs on the flat. Naturally, the prize goes to the colt; but, in the circumstances, the loss of it does not bring much discredit on the filly.—Yours faithfully,

LENA JAMESON.

POPULAR CHURCH HISTORY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Those who are zealous for historical truth and those who would uphold the honour and reputation of the Church of England have alike cause to thank you for your outspoken comments on Mr. Nye's work in the article headed as above. In an article of mine, with the same title, which appeared last September in the "Contemporary Review," and in a sequel on "Church Defence" in the November number, there will be found further specimens of Mr. Nye's performances. His animus against the Church of Rome leads him into gross perversions of historic fact, culminating in his quotation from Newman, as the Cardinal's own verdict, of the argument he placed in the mouth of an Anglican! Your criticism is absolutely true throughout, and ought to carry the greater weight from the well-known views on Church matters of the SATURDAY REVIEW. The really deplorable fact, as you observe, is that Mr. Nye's productions, which circulate, I believe, by hundreds of thousands, are "commended by the majority of the English bishops," though they absolutely play into the hands of the Church's assailants. The immediate result of my own exposure of them has been, I gather from paragraphs in the press, a pecuniary testimonial of considerable amount to Mr. Nye, to which bishops and other magnates subscribe. It is to be presumed, therefore, that they are in full sympathy with his methods.—Your obedient servant,

J. HORACE ROUND

REVIEWS.

EPIGRAMS OF THE EARTH.

"Poems." By George Meredith. 2 vols. London : A. Constable and Co. 1898.

IT was said of Silius Italicus that he was the patron of the genitive case, and a scholiast of the future might conceivably say of Mr. Meredith that he was the patron of colons and semi-colons. To some extent this is a mere trick of punctuation, and dashes would answer the purpose equally well ; but that does not affect the main point, that a poet whose phrases lie naturally between stops of this kind may be forcible, graphic, ingenious—but will most certainly be jerky. The English have been jerked and jolted by many of their singers ; but the process does not in the long run seem to command what Leigh Hunt called "the general consent and delight of poetic readers," and it may therefore be doubted whether these poems will hereafter receive the elucidation for which many of them cry aloud.

In the quotation which follows it may be well to premise, by way of key, that the poet is in course of arguing that the Earth, who apparently brings forth the heroic virtues only to destroy them, is not really so unnatural a mother as she seems—"she reaps them as the sower reaps"

"The sighting brain her good decree
Accepts ; obeys those guides, in faith,
By Reason hourly fed, that she,
To some the clod, to some the wraith,
Is more, no mask ; a flame, a stream.
Flame, stream, are we, in mid career
From torrent source, delirious dream,
To heaven-reflecting currents clear,
And why the sons of strength have been
Her cherished offspring ever ; how
The Spirit served by her is seen
Through Law ; perusing love will show.
Love born of Knowledge, love that gains
Vitality as Earth it mates,
The meanings of the Pleasures, Pains,
The Life, the Death, illuminates."

That is gnomic poetry as made—not, surely, without honest toil—in modern England, and will not ring unfamiliarly in a modern ear. These halting parentheses, these hurried reservations, these huddling metaphors, make us aware that we are sitting under "a pious and painful preacher," but we go away wondering whether some of those who

"could in one couplet fix
More sense than we can do in six "

might not have said the same thing in a less contorted way.

Many of these poems are attempts to record the vague moods engendered in man by the Earth and the Earth's weather. Very full of force and feeling they mostly are ; but a reader's estimate of their real success will depend upon how far he finds himself in sympathy with what we have just said.

Interpret me the savage whirr :
And is it Nature scourged, or she,
Her offspring's executioner,
Reducing land to barren sea ? "

"Interpret me the savage whirr." It is a petition which will often rise to the lips of Mr. Meredith's readers. The poem just quoted begins :—

"Bursts from a rending East in flaws
The young green leaflets harrier, sworn
To strew the garden " &c.

Must a reader really be, to quote one of Mr. Meredith's dark phrases, "a man of oaken head," if he hesitates for a second whether to take "bursts" as a noun or a verb, or if the "harrier" makes him think for another second of Mr. Swinburne's "hounds of spring" ? But Humpty Dumpty was not a greater autocrat with words than Mr. Meredith. A river with reflections in it is a "reflective river." "Sprays that

paw the naked bush " are the sprays that stick out from it and look like hands ; a foxglove is "dappled" and a goad "toothsome."

Mr. Meredith, to leave for a moment the question of technique, is not the first public entertainer who has dropped the strings of his puppets to enter the confessional of lyric poetry, and the disclosure he here makes to the world of his personal beliefs is very definite and very interesting. He seems to be a complete Tellurist or Earth-worshipper ; for, although the Earth is spoken of in one passage as the handmaiden of the Over-reason, she is practically the only Divinity accessible to man. Man is "Earth's great venture," and "his cry to Heaven is a cry to her." Man's sacred books are to her "the Legends ;" his schemes of future existence are "fables of the Above ;" and to any questionings about the Whence and the Whither she is obstinately deaf. At the same time she views with sympathy man's inventions of law and language, and the architecture in which he "sings his soul in stone," and rejoices to see him beautify her waste places with "gold harvest-ropes and mural crown." Melampus, with his minute study of the smallest of the "motioned wits" which "strive through antlered moss-work," was an example of the wisdom which comes of mere poring upon the book of Earth. Shakespeare had his greatness at the hands of the same Divinity. "He knew thee, Mother Earth," and,

"Thence had he the laugh
We feel is thine, broad as ten thousand beebes
At pasture ! "

The metaphor is characteristic. The Earth-poet thinks of humanity chiefly in terms of crops ; and "we drop for crop " is the response echoed by the trees to the axe of the woodman. The Earth, for whom, after all, the "Nature" of the poets is only another name, is not in reality cruel, and were Shakespeare living he would overwhelm with laughter

"that little twist of brain
Which moved some weighty leader of the blind
Unwitting 'twas the goad of personal pain,
To view in curst eclipse our Mother's mind,
And show us of some rigid harriidan
The wretched bondmen till the end of time."

Our Mother Earth thus reinstated in her old position as *justissima Tellus*, the duty of her children is to "plod in the track of the husbandman"—in the sweat of their brow, literally and otherwise, to eat bread—to "live in their offspring as she lives in hers"—and to forward the supremacy of brains.

"Her children of the labouring brain,
These are the champions of the race,
True parents, and the sole humane,
With understanding for their base."

This optimism is a refreshing novelty in the verse of the century, and calculated to foster what Stevenson called "bracing, manly virtues." Stevenson himself, though not a formal votary of this religion, was imbued, as his letters bear witness, with much of its spirit when he cleared the jungle in Samoa.

In the sonnet entitled "An Orson of the Muse" it seems probable that Mr. Meredith intended to portray himself—a scorner of the "Muse's livery" and her "measured courtly paces." We must find space to quote from "The Lark Ascending" a passage of sustained and over-running loveliness, in which the poet gloriously belies his own advocacy and practice of the uncouth :—

"For all to hear and all to know
That he is joy, awake, aglow,
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing, on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fulness shine
And sparkle dropping argentine."

Why a poet who could devise these beautiful and "artful numbers," and could elaborate the captivating and, we believe, original metrical effects in "Phœbus with Admetus," should be capable of so much that is untuneable and ugly, seems to pass understanding, nor is the wonder lessened by the fact that Mr. Meredith has not been our only Orson. We can but regret that the Orsonic Muse should so often remind us of the sentence quoted by Matthew Arnold—"Condamnée à être l'effroi du monde dont elle pourrait être l'amour."

THE MEDIÆVAL EMPIRE.

"The Mediæval Empire." By Herbert Fisher, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. Macmillan and Co. 1898.

THERE is no subject so important or so interesting in mediæval history as the relations between the empire and the papacy, and the influence of those relations upon the destinies of Germany and Italy. The interest does not lie merely in the study of a mediæval problem, almost pathetic in its hopelessness, the union of two countries which the Alps have separated, of two peoples whom climate makes radically different in character and ideals. The interest lies, not so much in the pertinacity of a forlorn hope, as in the vast influence exercised by the impossible ideal of so many emperors of energy and genius upon the history of Germany and Italy almost to our own day. The political unity of each, and the national drama which comes at the period of greatest political unity, did not become possible until the beginning of our own century.

The English student can read the history of the imperial idea in Mr. Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," and the history of the harmony or struggle between empire and papacy in Dean Milman's "History of Latin Christianity." Coming from those pages to Mr. Fisher's new volumes, he will get a more intimate knowledge of German constitutional history between the revival of the empire by Otto the Great and the fall of the Hohenstauffen. The results of the researches of German historians are condensed and arranged, and plentifully illustrated from the original authorities. The volumes are full of interesting details, so full sometimes as to be a little bewildering. The author may be too fond of saying what a thing is not, rather than what it is, arrangement and language occasionally betray carelessness, and explanations are sometimes needlessly repeated; but he certainly succeeds, in vigorous writing that is often picturesque, in enabling the reader to arrive at no hesitating judgment "as to the practical working and value of a great idea." From beginning to end the reader is brought face to face with the baneful influence of the imperial idea on the national development of Germany and Italy. The weakness of the central power in Germany, the poverty of its fiscal arrangements, the rudimentary state of its system of justice are continually compared with the strong central government established by the Norman and Angevin kings in England. We see the emperors, indeed, looking southwards, tempted by "the glitter and the lure" of the imperial crown; Mr. Fisher shows us the practical German burghers "setting their faces northwards down the swift current of the Rhine, which carries their wares across the German Ocean to the steelyard of London, or to the marts of Flanders." Mr. Fisher briefly illustrates the persistence of the imperial idea after the fall of the Roman Empire. The revived empire of Charles the Great seemed to have disappeared, but the kinship of the Carolingian rulers helped to keep the imperial idea alive. A far more powerful influence was, however, the belief of the Church that a Christian emperor was to subdue the heathen, and to hold his sceptre and crown as the servant of God. And at last there appeared, from among the Saxons conquered by Charles for the empire and Christianity, a champion of imperialism. With Otto the Great's journey into Italy in 951 to save a beautiful widow and to try to get the imperial crown, Mr. Fisher's volumes really begin.

Mediæval Germany is described first, in order to throw light on the impossibility of the emperor's task. The homogeneity of the German tribes is proved by

arguments which could, perhaps, be used with greater force to prove their heterogeneity. In a review of the rebellions against the emperors, especially of the great Saxon revolt against Henry IV., the weakness of the German bond of unity, the absence even of tribal patriotism, are thrown into clear relief. It needed but a little pressure from outside or from above to create a great united Germany. From neither quarter did it come. The emperor, at the critical time, "was lured across the Alps by the phantom of the empire;" and the German races, while unity was possible, were left to "stagnate in their separate isolation." In three chapters—the best chapters of the work—the weakness of the emperor in Germany is shown by a description of imperial legislation, the law of inheritance, and imperial finance. The subject is made clear and interesting by the contrast, ever present in the writer's mind, between the loose organisation of the empire and the strong central government of our own Henry II. and Edward I. In England the king had become the source of law, and a strong executive system been created; in Germany, at any rate until Frederick Barbarossa came, there is no general ordinance for the preservation of the public peace, and even then there is no standing executive to enforce the decisions of the imperial court. Again, in England primogeniture became the rule; in Germany the tendency to partition continually gained strength. In matters of taxation the imperial arm is equally weak; the proceeds of a "cowardly and avaricious" system of justice become less and less; full rights over churches dwindle away to a barren right of presentation only; the revenues of the royal domains are wasted under a rule which has no central exchequer and no Domesday Book. As in England, attempts were made to introduce uniformity of coins, weights, and measures; but in a much feebler way. What uniformity of coinage there was, was due to the excellence of the coins of Cologne or of Regensburg, which won for themselves universal acceptance, rather than to the policy of the emperors. Weights and measures, especially land measures, are more difficult to make uniform than even coins, for they are the expression of the methods, almost ineradicable, of what were once different races; and the mediæval German emperors after Charles the Great do not seem to have even attempted it. While London became the seat of government in England, while the belated attempt of even Exeter at remaining free was crushed, in Germany the towns became practically independent, and dictated terms to the emperor about trade and finance. In one way only does Germany gain, as compared with England, by the weakness of its emperors; it was spared the cruelty of the English forest law. In Germany, between the tenth century and the Reformation "the plough steadily encroaches upon the sanctuary of the beast. The backwoodsman who made a clearing in the jungle, the Fleming who drained the fen, the burgher who tended the Almond, the peasant who planted the vine or turned the soil with his plough—that vast army of unknown labourers, who during this age converted Germany from a wilderness into a land of thriving villages and abundant culture, was partially freed from the paralysing competition of aristocratic sport."

The weakness of the central power gave the opportunity for the rise of the great feudatories, for the development of a genius for disobedience and treachery. The great German nobles were not ennobled by patriotism, not softened by culture, not united by any great cause, except when, to the joy of the monk and the peasant, the crusading idea lured them to leave their bones on the arid highlands of Asia Minor, or when they followed the emperor to die in the malarious paradise of Italy. The expansion of Germany, as well as its disunion, was due to "this dangerous military sentiment, this abundant human material of war." Northwards, and to the north-east, conquest advanced fired by enthusiasm for conversion; to the south-east one great family, strongly posted in the one narrow outlet into the plains of the lower Danube, extended the German boundaries. But the emperors ever thought, not of this expansion, but of Italy. In the disunited land there gradually arose the power

of the German Church. It interfered in the struggle between emperor and feudatory, in the struggle between emperor and pope, but not in the interests of peace or of unity. And it got its reward of secular power; for, "while the emperor's power was attenuated to a shadow, the substance of power remained with the court of the princes, of whom some forty were laymen, while more than sixty were clerks."

The history of Italy under the mediæval empire is better known, and Mr. Fisher deals with it more briefly, but his outlines are equally vigorous and his details equally interesting. The story is the same; just as imperialism ruined the political prospects of Germany and degraded the German Church, it also prevented the formation of an Italian kingdom. For 300 years the imperial idea—that one single idea, that one ever-growing tradition—ruled the minds of the German emperors and ruined their policy. They thought that their splendid vision would be realised in the unity of nations and in the progress of law; it resolved itself into the anarchy of mediæval Germany and Italy, into their humiliation in centuries to come.

AN OPPRESSIVE LIFE.

"Memoir and Correspondence of Susan Ferrier, 1782-1854." Based on her private correspondence in the possession of, and collected by, her grand-nephew, John Ferrier. Edited by John A. Doyle, Fellow of All Souls College. With portraits. London: Murray. 1899.

MR. DOYLE is a very ill-judging man. Either he had a free hand in compiling this biography or he had not. If he had, he showed his lack of judgment in the compilation; if not, he was unwise to let his name appear on the titlepage. It is grotesque to publish a large heavy volume of 349 pages about a lady who certainly wrote three very good novels, but who lived a very secluded life, and whose correspondence, with one notable exception, is perfectly devoid of general interest. If the object of putting the book together was to preserve a number of papers bearing on the domestic history of the Ferrier family and their friends, private issue would surely have sufficed. If it was desired to stimulate public interest in the personality of Susan Ferrier, why not publish in a small volume the letters that passed between her and Miss Clavering, with an introduction sketching briefly the Ferrier family and its circle, rather than knock curiosity on the head with a tome big enough to fell a bookseller? The book is not only big, but one of the heaviest physically, as well as metaphysically, that we have ever sustained; and the analysis to which we should like to submit it would be chemical, in order to discover, and avoid, the ingredients which contributed to such a result.

Let us analyse it, however, by a more usual method. Susan Ferrier was the daughter of James Ferrier, writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, agent to the Duke of Argyll, and eventually one of Scott's colleagues in the clerkship of the Session House. He had six sons, all of whom did well in the world in ways of no interest, and four daughters, of whom three married. Susan, the youngest of the family, devoted her life to the care of her father till he died, in 1829, at the age of eighty-six.

From the time when she was twenty she found it difficult to accept invitations which would take her from home, even to a sister who promised to "insure her a husband." However, she paid visits to London and saw a good deal of society in Edinburgh during its palmy days; saw also, as Mr. Doyle notes, a good deal of fine company, owing to her father's connexion with the Argyll household, and made under their roof acquaintance with Miss Charlotte Clavering (daughter of General and Lady Augusta Clavering), who became rapidly her most intimate friend, and subsequently her literary confidant. They met in 1797, and their friendship lasted till Miss Ferrier's death; but the letters preserved are all prior to 1817, when Miss Clavering married. Few of them are dated, and Mr. Doyle makes no suggestion as to Miss Ferrier's exact age when the printed correspondence begins; but she was under twenty-six, and the whole is a correspondence between two very lively high-spirited young women, one of whom had freedom of move-

ment, the other had not. Miss Clavering naturally pressed for a visit from her friend; but she only gets refusals in this tone: "I'm doomed to doze away my days by the side of my solitary fire, and to spending nights in the tender intercourse of all the old tabbies of the town . . . My father I never see, save at meals, but then my company is just as indispensable as the table-cloth or chairs, or, in short, any other luxury which custom has converted into a necessity. That he could live without me I make no doubt, so he could without a leg, or an arm; but it would ill become me to deprive him of either; therefore, never even for a single day, could I reconcile it either to my duty or inclination to leave him."

That is worth quoting not only for its somewhat cynically clear-sighted view of filial duty, but because it shows that Miss Ferrier passed the best years of her life in doing what she did not want to do. It was her besetting sin, as a novelist, to preach; and if people must preach, it is well that they should also practise. For the moment, however, the lady was bent upon amusing herself, so far as that was compatible with filial duty and the old tabbies, and to amuse herself she wrote about the old tabbies. Miss Clavering also wrote Heaven knows what Castles of Otranto, and she wished her friend to follow her in these exploits. Her friend admired, chaffed, and declined to participate.

"You say there are just two styles for which you have any taste, viz. the horrible and the astonishing. Now I'll groan for you till the very blood shall curdle in my veins, and I'll shriek and stare till my own eyes start out of their sockets with surprise—but as to writing with you, in truth it would be as easy to compound a new element out of fire and water as that we two should jointly write a book."

In the meanwhile Miss Ferrier "began to suspect" that she was herself "with book," as she riskily puts it; and in 1810 the first part of "Marriage" went through the post to be looked at. Miss Clavering replied with praise and some very sound criticism mixed up with instructions for the purchase of millinery. This part of the correspondence is really delightful; Miss Ferrier's letters are full of those animal spirits which are the charm of her books, and make her a sort of counterpart to Smollett in the great army of lady novelists. She declines into poetry and writes very amusing doggerel; she runs into criticism, finds "Pride and Prejudice" a little vulgar, Galt's "Sir Andrew Wylie" much more so, and does not care for "Old Mortality." Altogether not a very discerning young lady, but a very cheerful one; and in 1817, when "Marriage" was published (under appalling bonds of secrecy as to the authorship), quite a famous one. In that year Miss Clavering married, and so comes to an end the pretty correspondence; for it is a pretty correspondence. But it is stuffed away in a heavy, costly stupid volume which no one wants and no one will read, and might almost as well never have been published. Three or four letters chosen out of the last hundred and fifty pages would have shown perfectly well how deplorably pious, decorous and dull Miss Ferrier became in her fifties, and how really fortunate it is that she did not destroy her reputation by writing another novel after "Destiny"—where already the preacher begins to crush the humourist. But it is hard, when a lady has herself abstained from writing books, because she knew she could only write dull ones, that a grand-nephew and a Fellow of All Souls should conspire to fling this posthumous leaden weight upon her. "Sit tibi terra levis" will soon have to be translated "May no one write your biography."

BJÖRNSSON'S NEW DRAMA.

"Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg." By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by H. L. Brækstad. Harper and Brothers. 1899.

THE principal objection to be brought against the new tragedy of Björnson lies in its name. This criticism seems whimsical, but it can be justified. Not merely is "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg" a clumsy concatenation of syllables, which we are surprised that a veteran author should fetter himself with, but it deceives the

reader from the outset. We start on the presumption that the interest is equally divided between Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg, and to the end of the last act we are consequently waiting for the latter to assert herself, and take a leading rôle. But when the play ends, we perceive that her part in the piece has been subsidiary, and we are annoyed that our attention was not more closely fixed on Paul Lange. We have then to read the play a second time, and he is the figure that fills the scene. The name of this drama ought to be "Paul Lange," and that is what we shall call it.

Those who are familiar with Björnson's dramatic writings will find a relation between "Paul Lange" and the play called "The Editor," which he published in 1875. The dénouement may remind others of the strange Wagnerian drama of "The King," in 1877, but the analogy is really with the former, since the new piece belongs, like "The Editor," to the realistic and not to the fantastic side of the poet's talent. He has written plays—"Geography and Love" is amongst them—where actuality and fairyland walk side by side; but "Paul Lange" is entirely on firm ground. It may be said at once that this play has the curious vitality which belongs to Björnson's work in almost every form, and that it is impossible not to follow it with curiosity and pleasure. At the same time, it seems to accentuate once more the fact that Björnson has never possessed, and never will possess, Ibsen's matchless dexterity in marshalling the elements of a play in a perfectly dramatic shape.

There is no introduction to Mr. Brækstad's excellent translation, nor does the Norwegian original possess any. Yet it seems to us almost impossible for "Paul Lange" to be comprehended by an English reader without some indication of its meaning. It is an open secret that it is a study in contemporary history. When the Sverdrup Ministry broke down in 1888, Ole Richter supported the old chief for the sake of pleasing the King, and having thrown his own colleagues over, had the chagrin of seeing himself repudiated by the Court as well. In consequence of the criticisms he met with from both Conservatives and Radicals, he committed suicide. This is the story which Björnson tells in "Paul Lange," and an example of the absence of any attempt at concealment is that he makes his fallen Minister offer the Embassy in London. As a matter of fact, Richter was consul-general here.

A disadvantage of dramatising a very well-defined and clearly remembered episode of public history lies in the fact that real life is often ill-staged. In the play, Björnson's great difficulty is to persuade us that the suicide of his hero is inevitable. He has to fall back upon nervous irritability, a tendency to madness, and an access of insomnia, which are no doubt natural enough, but ill accord with his lesson, which seems to be that, even if a politician is a good and great man, these qualities cannot be counted to him for righteousness, if he is a trimmer. Another very striking difficulty is that Paul Lange is sacrificed and has to commit suicide because all parties are unanimously indignant with him for making his chief's fall from power easy for him; everybody says that he is a miserable opportunist, and does not deserve to live. But the chief continues to live, and does not appear to be the object of any hatred or attack. He is, in fact, an absolute cipher. As Paul Lange is himself retiring from public life, it is difficult to perceive why his act of courteous forbearance to an old man, who had treated him badly, should excite such evil passions in everybody at the same time.

If this be a weakness inherent in the piece, what is really interesting to Björnson is the state of soul of his falling minister, and this is very well worked out. Lange exhibits the successive surprise and dejection and horror of the man who, from a good-natured wish to please too many people, has pleased none at all. He is interesting; and his adventures, if a little incomprehensible, are moving and exciting. To Paul Lange, in his torture and despair, comes a noble woman, Tora Parsberg, wealthy, influential, and independent, and offers her love to him as a counterbalance to political power. But she comes too late, when his confidence in himself is sapped, and he cuts the tangle of his troubles with a revolver. We understand that this play will

presently be acted in London. It has not been performed yet in Norway, but a German version was played last Christmas in Berlin, and in Munich; in neither case was it successful, but that was owing, we understand, to the inadequacy of the actors.

LANDOR THE GENTLE.

"Letters of Walter Savage Landor: Private and Public." Edited by Stephen Wheeler. With Portraits. London: Duckworth and Co. 1899.

LADY GRAVES-SAWLE, whom we have to thank for permitting the publication of these private letters, is niece to that "Rose Aylmer" whom more than one generation has thanked for inspiring perhaps the most Hellenic of English lyrics. Written to Lady Graves-Sawle in her unmarried youth, and during the first years of her marriage, they belong to the last division of Landor's life, and cover the period of his final sojourn in England and his sad exile to his death-place, Florence. Their editor, an excellent and discreet Landorian enthusiast, claims for them no positively great value; but he is right in thinking them valuable. They show the impracticable, the irascible Landor, softened and sweetened, filled with a charming chivalry of bearing, by friendship with girlhood and intimacy with youth; the tempestuous veteran is here all gentle courtesy and kindness. These letters recall Leigh Hunt's similitude for Landor; "a mountain pine bearing lilies." Now and then we come upon some phrase of beauty in prose or verse, but the fascination of the letters is less literary than human; the writing is seldom memorable, but its spirit is unforgettable. The strange great man, who protested that he "strove with none," though in truth he was "ever a fighter," writes here with tenderness, playfulness, wistfulness, and constant care for others; there is nothing of what Emerson called his "untameable petulance." Yet domestic misery had driven him from his home, and an old age of comparative loneliness was upon him. Those who habitually think of him as always vehement, and often vituperative, will here find the other Landor, strong indeed, but sweet as well. We are not wholly suffered to forget that he is, "by the grace of God, Walter Savage Landor," the scourge of unscholarly writers, the impeacher of bad potentates and statesmen, the artist who abides in a superb isolation: but that fiery and impassioned figure rather "breathes through silver" than "blows through bronze," when he addresses his "Rose the Second." Writing to her, he suppresses animosities and discontents, preferring, by a beautiful instinct, to deal in wisdom, patience, and peacefulness, with an abundance of happy pleasantry. He writes about those nothings which permit themselves to be written about gracefully; little details of friendship, common interests of the hour, pretty intimacies of thought and feeling; he touches lightly upon literature and life, and is characteristically amusing upon both. He would have his correspondent honour the humanity of Dickens, relish the poetry of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and altogether misappreciate the genius of Chateaubriand. Some notable critics view Landor's works in the light of a stately nuisance or monumental bore: they fail to recognise the old-fashioned love of fine manners, of a classic carriage, which gives a certain dignity at best, a certain formality at worst, to Landor's writing, and which confronts us in these letters. His least successful jesting and his least justifiable judgments have an air of the old school; a code of principle dictated them. It is just one hundred years since the publication of his first and most majestic poem "Gebir;" and he lived to receive in 1864, the year of his death, the personal homage of Mr. Swinburne. This is to have lived through great vicissitudes and many varieties of experience; but through them all Landor kept the antique fashions and, for good or bad, seems rarely modern. Even in these slight letters there is the accent, not only of the octogenarian, but of the man whose dearest converse was with mighty Romans and with Plutarch's men. The kindness of Lady Graves-Sawle, and the care of Mr. Stephen Wheeler, let us hear it once more in a winning and a searching form.

We are less grateful for the collection of public letters, rescued from the pages of the extinct "Examiner." They are sonorous, magniloquent, impressive, but outworn and negligible utterances. No fresh light is thrown upon Landor's haughtily liberal politics, equally intolerant of despotism and of demagoguery: we already knew well that he could scarify a Lord Brougham, and denounce a Tsar Nicholas, with fine pomp and parade of rhetoric; we knew that towards Ireland, Italy, Greece, his attitude was one of a somewhat useless nobility and generosity. He defined himself as "radically conservative in everything useful:" a confession like Tennyson's "I am for progress, and would conserve the hopes of man." But he has expressed his sense of good government and social order in page upon page of the "Imaginary Conversations," and there, in forms meant for immortal remembrance: we hardly require this aftermath. No; the new Landorian treasure is in the private letters and their caressing, genial, cordial voice; also in a portrait of Landor, roughly drawn, which does, indeed, as Mr. Wheeler's pardonable slang puts it, give us Landor "down to his boots." It is the angry Landor, thunderous, and, in Byron's phrase, "deep-mouthed:" and it is good to be reminded, by these intimate letters of affection, that Landor the loud was also essentially Landor the gentle and the considerate.

A STUDY IN HYSTERIA.

"Aylwin." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1898.

THE qualities that have secured for this story a certain immediate vogue are precisely those which will prevent it from being finally accepted as literature. Not by reticence does this writer seek to win his audience, but by strenuous appeal through vulgar jugglery to the taste for superstition which is still imperious in human nature. Used with reserve, this element offers excellent subject matter for romance, as English literature abundantly proves; but it must not take the form of a debauch to result in neurasthenia; above all, this superstition must not be thrust upon us incontinently as the antithesis of modern materialism, or masquerade as the higher things of the spirit. All these faults are conspicuously present in "Aylwin." It takes the delicate sense of wonder in us and plays upon it as with hammers; it carries us, with an air of revelation, into an atmosphere of hysteria where the merely superstitious is fantastically confounded with the spiritual.

The story is, shortly, the life history of a dead man's curse. Not a particularly gruesome curse, for its author, Philip Aylwin, has no special skill in the art of imprecation, even with the Bible to assist. Nevertheless, it is sufficient to move two worlds—the supernatural world, and the little world of this romance. The curse has been contrived in order to keep its author's grave inviolate, and in especial to protect a mystic cross and a casket of letters from thieving hands. For this purpose it proves ineffective, as both cross and casket are stolen by a drunken organist, who is also custodian of the church in which the grave is situated. Still, the Unseen Powers who act as trustees for the dead man's curse deal promptly with Old Tom Wynne. When he leaves the church, with the spoil in his possession, the cliff upon which the churchyard is perched subsides punctually, and the thief is caught in a great landslide of turf, tombstones, and bones. As old Wynne is killed out of hand the curse is passed on to his daughter, who discovers his ghastly body, and by the shock of the discovery loses her reason. It is not quite clear why the dead man's malevolence should have taken this form, unless it was to give his son an opportunity to write his hysterical memoirs. In any case, the witless girl disappears, and the subsequent interest of the tale is secured by the hero's search for her, and the removal of the curse when she is found. How the curse is removed is not explained with due accuracy. On the one hand, it is open to us to believe that its power for evil lapsed when the casket and cross were restored to the dead man's coffin. On the other hand, we are informed that the curse, as it expressed itself in hysterical dementia, was transmitted from Winifred

Wynne to her friend Sinfi Lovell by means of a "powerful magnet." The exact manner in which this transmission was effected is left vague, but the curious reader is referred to the "Daily Telegraph" (date unspecified) for further particulars regarding this modern method of removing a dead man's curse.

That the hero, Henry Aylwin, should exhibit vagueness in recounting his adventures—as well as an occasional lapse from correct grammar—is no matter for surprise. He describes himself as an athlete—famous for climbing, boxing, and swimming—yet all the evidence furnished by his actions goes to prove that he was an extremely debilitated youth, both mentally and physically. Morbid when he is first introduced to us as a boy on crutches, he shows himself through the whole narrative as a victim of erotic hysteria. That he is deeply in love with the innocent girl who is sacrificed to his father's curse does not explain all the symptoms; his habit of taking opium suggests another reason why his mind was disorderly, even as the construction of his narrative is loose. Then again, Henry Aylwin was not particularly happy, as it seems to us, in the choice of his friends. A man is not free to choose his father, and our hero was not to blame because he was the son of a mystic who cut his own flesh in self-torture when he was alive, and left a curse to torture other people when he was dead. His absurd father was inevitable, as was also his grandmother, the gipsy seeress; but that he should have chosen Wildershin and D'Arcy for his friends was remarkable. There are hints not a few in this narrative that Henry Aylwin accepts himself as a modern Hamlet; a tragic figure in this materialistic age who is fated to struggle between a belief in Darwinism and a belief in the supernatural. It is the conceit of a foolish egotist; for Hamlet is tragical because he has a strong and subtle intellect to wrestle with the promptings of his father's ghost, while Aylwin persistently exhibits himself as simply a bundle of undisciplined nerves. And in nothing is Aylwin so unlike Hamlet as in his choice of friends. Neither Wildershin nor D'Arcy has the resolved manliness of Horatio; the one is a garrulous monomaniac, while the "blood and judgment" of the other are not too well commingled. It is true that D'Arcy is described as a man of rare wit and deep intellect; but in his case, as in all other cases in this book, these characteristics are carefully concealed.

The characters in this tale, indeed, are singularly flabby, but fortunately for the wearied reader there are two notable exceptions. Perhaps it is because all the others are so tediously feeble that Mrs. Gudgeon presents herself as a figure drawn with alert strength. But the contrast does not wholly account for the sudden sense of relief which she brings into the tale. She is only a vulgar tiptling old woman, it is true, yet she is human, delightfully human, and that is an element which this author uses with the utmost thrift. Only in one other of his characters do we find a convincing air of naturalness. Sinfi Lovell is a joyous presentment: superstitious, romantic, loyal, we accept her thankfully because she has so little relation to the hysteria and sentimentality with which the author surrounds her. This gipsy lass has such possibilities that we immediately think what a master of the mystical in romance—Hawthorne, for instance—would have done with her passion and her sacrifice. It is certain that he would not have obscured her significance by a swarm of tedious monomaniacs who talk endlessly in the stilted dithyrambs of the kitchen novelette. It is equally certain that Hawthorne, a master of construction as well as of atmosphere and style, would not have presented the central incident of his tale in the disenchanting slovenliness of a casual letter.

It is not a sign of greatness in any work of the imagination when its merits come reluctantly into view only after we have resolutely sought to forget its faults. That is, in general terms, our experience with "Aylwin." It has two characters that are handled with sureness; it has passages in which the beauty and symbolism of nature are captured in phrases of charm; it has, at least, one motif of surpassing significance. Yet the tale, when considered as an artistic whole, is a notable failure; a failure all the more notable because the aim is so ambitious. For this book seeks to show how poor, as a

refuge in the great storms of life, is the philosophy which accepts a materialistic explanation of the universe; it points the way to Faith and Love as the two great uplifting elements in human character. This is well; yet in developing these themes the author of "Aylwin" takes us backward instead of forward; he leads us into a region that has long been the hunting-ground of the charlatan; he confounds most pitifully the passing tricks of superstition with the abiding truths of the spirit.

NOVELS.

"Niel Macleod." By L. Gladstone. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1898.

INCOMPETENCE, inexperience, and soaring ambition go towards the making of such books as "Niel Macleod." We have no possible quarrel with the statement that it is the true experience of a young author. With congratulation rather than scepticism do we find his first publisher paying "the young author" £300 "on account" of royalties on his sales. But the further claim put forward that the book as a whole gives a faithful picture of literary life in London can only be received with a good-natured laugh. The author is evidently young enough to be refreshingly blasé. At the same time we would venture to suggest that an introduction to the Savage Club or the Omar Khayyam or the glories of a visit to the Pioneer do not altogether establish a man's right to imagine himself "in the swim." Also it might not be out of place to remark that when giddy youth is minded to spread its wings in the outer darkness, it can accomplish its object just as thoroughly in "soul-stirring" mountain glens as in that London which commits the enormity of "Sunday At Homes." And though the author has done his duty unflinchingly in describing the world, the flesh, and the devil, yet it is satisfactory to note that the whole extent of his knowledge is but milk for babes. The world wherein reigns the married coquette is almost pathetically a terra incognita to him. But surely it is invidious to make the haughty aristocracy among whom the story moves talk less grammatically than the lesser brethren. We could believe all things of the eccentric publisher who gave £300 "on account," but the Duchess who remarked "I feel like to drop" is less convincing.

"Far in the Forest." By S. Weir Mitchell. London: Fisher Unwin. 1898.

Dr. Weir Mitchell is one of the few American novelists of to-day who seem able to emerge from that parochialism which so grievously besets their literary kinsfolk. To a liberal invention in the matter of incident, and a keen comprehension of character, he joins a notable readiness to adjust himself to all points of view, and a power of evoking for his readers a sense of reality in all, or almost all, conditions. In this story, for instance, he deals with large and primitive passions working to heroic issues, and handles them with rare breadth and power. The tale is of life in the forests of Northern Pennsylvania before the great war, and the ample air of those great lands breathes through the pages. On a background full of mystery and charm he has imposed figures which never fail of vitality and interest, and the little drama of conflict between man civilised and man barbarian plays itself out to an absorbing end. In Philetus Richmond is a character-study of which an even more considerable novelist might well be proud. This blind Samson of the backwoods, in whom jealousy, religious fanaticism, and the secret lore of the forest result at last in madness, is an extraordinarily impressive figure. But, indeed, all the characters are drawn with unflagging skill and comprehension, and the book is as attractive as it is original and strong.

"Prisoners of Hope." By Constance Smith. London: A. D. Innes and Co. 1898.

The shallow, selfish, and easily-impressed woman who is mated with a man almost absolutely her opposite is not an entirely new figure in fiction. Young Mrs. Ainslie, in the novel before us, is of the type, and, beyond the fact that her heartlessness is more exaggerated than usual, there is nothing strikingly fresh in the

author's treatment of her. In one of her enthusiastic moments, filled with the idea of picturesque self-abnegation, she marries an ardent young clergyman, and betakes herself to a slum with him. After a time the slum palls, the clergyman palls, and an admirer, of the world worldly, steps in to complete the mischief. The opening chapter, by explaining Mrs. Ainslie with unnecessary completeness, leads one to expect all this, and our interest is languid. There is one human touch which redeems the thing from utter triteness by arousing a flicker of sympathy for the worthless Linda. With a moment's inspiration she hits upon the one excuse for her conduct that will hold water. "Don't you see, *won't* you see," she cries, "that it's your goodness I can't endure, and your long-suffering, and your readiness to make up a fresh imaginary character for me every time I do something that disgusts you?" There is some insight in this. If a woman of the Linda type marries a man whose ideal for her is impossibly high, her impatient despair of reaching it will, probably enough, make her fall even below her own former standard of right and wrong. The book is fairly well written—an average specimen of the modern novel and nothing more.

"A Cloud of Dawn." By Annie Victoria Dutton. London: Chapman and Hall. 1898.

A little story spun out of gossamer-threads, and yet dealing wholly with the tricks and the manners of the Socialists, is a seeming anomaly. And yet of such is "A Cloud of Dawn." Heavy as to matter, the manner of it is so dainty and so light that a certain interest is created. The hero is a half-crazy Socialist of the most rabid type. He has given up all things, even horse-riding, because "such pleasures are forbidden until such time as they can be common to all." The child heroine has the misfortune to be rescued by him from a crowd of angry mill-hands. Partly by his arguments, partly by his picturesque poverty, he makes a convert of her, and between them they manage to render every other character in the book profoundly miserable. The unhappy little lady herself finally breaks down under the weight of the burdens he has imposed. Although he has fallen in love with her, it is "intellectually," as Francis Thompson would put it. Thus as he leaves her death chamber, "blinded by the glitter of the ideal," the reader has a vicious fear that the parting will not cause him the suffering he deserves.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"On the Teaching of English Reading." The Walter Crane Reader. By Nellie Dale. J. M. Dent and Co. 1898.

Anyone who understands little children, and realises the great importance of the first steps in education, will recognise immediately that there are certain valuable points in Miss Dale's system of teaching which recommend it to the serious consideration of infant school-mistresses; private governesses, too, may adopt it, though more specially designed for class use. There can be no doubt that the child who begins with the alphabet finds the greatest difficulty in forming the letters into words, as the sound of "b" or "d," as usually pronounced when taken by itself, is bewilderingly different from its sound when taken in combination with other letters.

Miss Dale has appreciated and evaded this difficulty; in her method the real sound of each consonant and vowel is given to the child at once, and associated from the beginning with its symbols, so that the eye and ear are trained simultaneously. Colour, always a joy to children, is employed in writing the symbols (for the hand, too, shares in the early training), in order to distinguish between voiced and unvoiced consonants, and the smallest child can discover for itself the difference in sound between "p" and "b," by noticing the movement of the lips and the effect on the vocal chords. There is nothing children love so much as to make such discoveries for themselves, and the most successful teacher is the one who thus develops their intelligence. The consonant and vowel sounds having been impressed on the mind by frequent repetition, and their symbols made familiar by every device of colour, dramatic movement, and personification, the construction of words becomes easy and natural. Each child is supplied with a delightful primer containing lists of easy words followed by short stories.

It might be unkind to say that Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations are the great feature of these primers, but it is very difficult to prevent wandering from the "system" to the pictures. However, the child is to know the system only through the

pictures; so there will be no distraction of mind. There is at last a sign of something real in the way of primary education, when an artist of Mr. Walter Crane's standing is willing to apply his mind to elementary readers.

"Plutarch's Lives." Englished by Sir Thomas North. Vols I. and II. London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1898.

"Endymion and the Later Poems of John Keats." London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1898.

"Paracelsus." By Robert Browning. London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1898.

"Men and Women." By Robert Browning. London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1899.

"Aurora Leigh." By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1899.

"Maha-Bharata: the Epic of Ancient India." Condensed into English verse by Romesh Dutt. London, at the Aldine House: Dent. 1898.

It is always a pleasure to examine a new volume of this series. In our view, the Temple Classics are quite the best in excellence of workmanship and finish of design of the numerous cheap editions of the best works that have lately been produced. The dilettante, whether in art or scholarship, will not find it easy to suggest an improvement in these little volumes. Few will accuse the SATURDAY REVIEW of a tendency to excess in praise, but when we do come across what is first-rate, we have unmixt pleasure in saying so.

"Autumnal Leaves." By Francis George Heath. 4th Edition. London: The Imperial Press. 1899.

It was a good idea to reprint Mr. Heath's very charming book and issue it at a cheaper rate. Very few seven-and-sixpenny books can show such good work in the way of illustration as this edition of "Autumnal Leaves." So much the more is it a pity that the effect is marred by a preface only too justly entitled "Advertisement."

"Ruling Cases." Arranged, annotated and edited by Robert Campbell, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Advocate of the Scotch Bar, and other Members of the Bar; with American notes by Irving Browne. London: Stevens and Sons, Limited. Boston: The Boston Book Company. 1899. Vol. XVII.

The seventeenth volume of this great publication deals with the leading cases upon the subjects of manorial rights, marriage, master and servant, merger, and mines and minerals; and contains 884 pages. There are several classical works of this nature, such as "White and Tudor" in "Equity and Conveyancing," and "Smith" in the "Common Law," but none planned on such a large scale as the work of which this volume is a part. With the learned editing bestowed upon it both by its English and American editors, we can only imagine one objection to it, and that is its magnitude. We are afraid that few lawyers, however they may long to possess it, can hope to do more than consult its wealth of learning in the public libraries. What with Digests, Revised Statutes, Encyclopædias, and huge text-books, the lawyer, like panting Time, toils in vain in pursuit of the literature of his profession, and can only utter the heartfelt wish that his professional gains were in proportion to the professional expenses into which enterprising and public-spirited publishers are constantly tempting him to embark.

"Elementary Law for the General Public." By Amherst D. Tyssen, M.A., D.C.L. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Clowes and Sons, Limited.

We can understand Mr. Tyssen's motive exactly in hastening to say in the first lines of his preface that this book makes no attempt after the futile object of rendering every man his own lawyer. What he does endeavour to do, and that is sufficiently difficult, is to explain to the practical business man in plain terms such legal facts as inevitably arise in the course of his most ordinary daily transactions of buying and selling, and which he is brought in contact with as an owner of property holding or disposing of it, and as a citizen in relation with the Government and local authorities who demand rates and taxes from him. This general idea is very satisfactorily carried out; and though the book is not intended for lawyers, or law students, Mr. Tyssen has explained many matters which they would often not find in their more formal treatises, and yet which are of great service in understanding the more theoretical statements of legal rules. We may instance specially the chapters on Money, Bank Notes, Cheques, Payments, Savings Banks, The Funds, Shares in Companies, Colonial and other Bonds, and Rates and Taxes.

"The Politician's Handbook." Edited by H. Whates. (Vacher and Sons. 1899.) Of the many ideas conceived in recent years for saving the time and trouble of the busy public man and writer for the press, none is happier than that embodied in Mr. Whates' handbook. His task has not been a light one. He has mastered the Blue-books, Parliamentary papers, Consular reports, and other official publications of a whole year, and compressed their essential data into less than 170 pages. The volume is a digest of political and commercial documents which it would be wholly impossible for any individual to have always at command.

ART SERIALS.

"The Year's Art" for 1899 (Virtue) has all the useful features of that well-established book of reference; the directory of artists, particulars of the various societies, museums and galleries, art schools, and so on. The summaries of additions to the national collections give information not accessible to the public in so handy a form. The editor's account of the past year is a more questionable feature. This and the particulars of pictures sold at various galleries have an unpleasant flavour of advertisement. The portraits of a number of picture collectors and lists of their possessions are equally out of place.

The same publishers send us the first number of the Jubilee series of the "Art Journal." This is to consist of twelve monthly issues, containing articles and illustrations from the back numbers of the periodical during its fifty years' history. It might certainly be amusing to read some of the old criticisms, and there is perhaps some material among the illustrations worth reprinting, but the first number strikes us as very dull and superfluous. The only gleam of interest is the model for a table centre-piece by Prince Albert, a comic production showing puppies and mousetraps scattered over a terribly debased design. The lettering of the cover of this series, by the way, is of the same order of art.

The "Studio," besides the usual articles describing contemporary painters at a high pitch of eulogy, has some good reproductions of textile patterns in the paintings of Suffolk rood-screens, with an essay by Mr. Strange, and an article, with reproductions, on German lithographers by Herr Singer. The "Architectural Review" for February gives photographic reproductions of St. David's Cathedral, of architectural remains in Cyprus, of the work of Gilbert Scott the younger, and of the curious positive-spirited water-colour drawings by the late G. P. Boyce, recently shown at the Water-Colour Society's Gallery.

The second batch of "Selected Examples of Decorative Art from South Kensington Museum" (Longmans) contains some good numbers, particularly the sheet of Florentine bronze lamps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The little figure on one blowing a bellows and the dancing child on another are charming fancies in the school of Donatello.

For This Week's Books see page 221.

NOTICES.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return, or to enter into correspondence as to, rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Treasurer:

RICHARD BIDDULPH MARTIN, Esq., M.P.
EDGAR PENMAN, Secretary.

THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY SECURITIES COMPANY, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS.

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Sir VINCENT CAILLARD.
H. J. CHINNERY, Esq.
LAURENCE CURRIE, Esq.
ROBERT FLEMING, Esq.
C. SLIGO DE POTHONIER, Esq.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE STOCK AND DEBENTURES.

Right Hon. Lord HILLINGDON.
Right Hon. Lord REVELSTOKE.
H. W. SMITHERS, Esq.

To the HOLDERS of FOUR PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED MORTGAGE BONDS of the MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

1. The Mexican Central Railway Securities Company has been formed at the suggestion of large holders of the above-named bonds with the following objects:
First.—To acquire the Four per Cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds of the Mexican Central Railway Company, Limited, and to issue in their place two classes of securities which will meet the wants of two different classes of investors, and thus bring about a substantial appreciation of the market value, besides giving to those who desire it the additional safety of registration.

Second.—To have an English organisation established which will be in close touch with the American Company, and whose preponderating holding of the bonds will assure for it a position of influence.

Holders who desire to deposit their bonds must do so on or before 1st March, 1899, at the banking house of Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., 67 Lombard Street, London, E.C., accompanied by forms for deposit, which, with the full explanatory circular, can be obtained at the Company's Bankers, or at its Registered Office. After such date power is reserved to impose less favourable terms of deposit, in the discretion of the Directors.

It is evident that the success of the plan depends upon the promptitude with which holders of the present bonds deposit. If the Directors do not deem the amount deposited sufficiently large, the bonds and the £2 per bond paid thereon will be returned without deduction.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, together with drafts of the following documents, viz.:

- Deed for deposit of bonds;
- Deed of Trust and Mortgage to secure the proposed issues of Debenture Stock and Debentures, with forms of Debenture Stock and Debenture attached; and
- Voting agreement in respect of the shares to be held in trust;

can be inspected at the offices of the Company's Solicitors, Messrs. Bompas, Bischoff, and Co., 4 Great Winchester Street, London, E.C.

By Order of the Board,

FREDK. M. SPANKIE, Secretary.

3 Gracechurch Street, E.C., London, 2nd February, 1899.
Telegraphic Address—"Mistral, London."

BONANZA, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - £200,000.

MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of November, 1898.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes	344 feet.
Ore and waste mined	8,315 tons
Less waste sorted out	2,398 "
Balance sent to mill	5,917 tons.
Percentage of South Reef mined	45 per cent.
" Main Reef Leader mined	55 "
Waste sorted	28'83 "

MILL.

Stamps	40
Running time	28'76 days.
Tons milled	5,917 tons.
Ore left in Mill Bins	158 "
Smelted gold bullion	5,287 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	44,493'94 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion	3,149'65 ozs.
Equivalent in fine gold	2,677'23 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources	7,711'18 ozs.
" " " per ton milled	24'23 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5,917 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s. d.	s. d.
To Mining Expenses	3,172	10 6	10 8'70
Crushing and Sorting	594	12 4	2 0'10
Milling	882	8 7	2 11'79
Cyaniding, Sands	1,623	0 10	3 5'50
" Slimes	590	1 2	11'94
Head Office	133	12 4	5'42

Development Redemption, 5,917 tons at 6/3 per ton	6,396	14 9	1 7'45
"	1,849	1 3	6 3'00

Profit	£8,245	16 0	1 7 10'45
"	21,773	3 1	3 13 7'14
"	£30,018	19 1	5 1 5'59

REVENUE.

	Value.	s. d.	Value per Ton.
By MILL GOLD:			
4,493'948 ozs. fine gold at 84s.	18,774	11 5	3 3 5'31
By CYANIDE GOLD:			
2,677'237 ozs. fine gold at 84s.	11,244	7 8	1 18 0'08
"	£30,018	19 1	5 1 5'59

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

Capital Expenditure for the month of December is as follows:

Development	£2,273	14 4
Main Shaft	70	2 0
Less Development Redemption charged under working cost		
"	1,849	1 3
"	£494	15 1

FRANCIS SPENCER, Manager.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO. LIMITED.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

In 120,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

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R. O. GODFRAY LYS, Managing Director.	A. GORRZ (Alternate, H. Strakosch).
J. W. S. LANGERMAN (Alternate, N. J. Scholtz).	C. D. RUDD (Alternate, E. Birkenruth).
F. ROBINOW (Alternate, S. Evans).	C. S. GOLDMANN (Alternate, J. G. Hamilton).

London Committee:

CHAS. RUBB. JOHN ELLIOTT. S. NEUMANN.

Secretary:

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

DEAR SIR,—The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for December, 1898, which shows a total profit of £23,202 18s. 3d.:

MINE.

Number of Feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	367 feet.
Quartz Mined	19,274 tons.
Quartz on hand, at Surface, 31st December	216 tons.

MILL.

Number of Days (24 hours) working 120 Stamps	27'34 days.
Tons Crushed	16,190 tons.
Tons Crushed per Stamp, per 24 hours	4'833 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	7,907 ozs. 11 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold	6,872'241 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	8'489 dwts.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons Sands and Concentrates Treated	13,632 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	3,804 ozs. 13 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold	3,199'700 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	4'694 dwts.
Working Cost per Ton	2s. 8'76d.

SLIMES WORKS.

Tons Slimes Treated	2,631 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold	367 ozs. 4 dwts.
Equivalent in Fine Gold	284'102 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	2'159 dwts.
Working Cost per Ton	4s. 6'40d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 16,190 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£10,034 12 8	£6 12 4'753
" Drifts and Winzes	1,010 16 7	0 1 2'984
" Crushing and Sorting	674 12 1	0 0 10'000
" Transport	374 13 0	0 0 5'353
" Milling	2,214 13 4	0 2 8'830
" Cyanide	1,860 17 0	0 2 3'585
" Slimes	596 8 6	0 0 8'841
" General Charges	2,274 10 10	0 2 9'724
" Additions to Plant	2,500 17 6	0 1 10'248

" Profit for the Month	£20,542 10 6	1 5 4'518
"	23,202 18 3	1 8 7'962
"	£43,745 8 9	£2 14 0'480

REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per Ton.
By Gold Accounts—		
6,872'241 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£29,036 11 9	£1 15 10'437
3,199'700 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	13,509 17 11	0 16 8'270
284'102 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	1,198 19 1	0 1 5'773
10,356'043 ozs.	£43,745 8 9	£2 14 0'480

The Tonnage mined for month was 19,274 tons, cost £10,014 17 2 = £0 10 4'705 per ton

Drifts and Winzes Expenses cost 1,010 16 7

Add quantity taken from Stock	19,274 tons	11,025 13 9
" cost	42 "	19 15 6

Less waste rock sorted out	19,316 "	11,045 9 3
"	3,196 "	
"	16,190 "	11,045 9 3 = £0 13 7'737 per ton

The declared output was 12,090'40 ozs. bullion = 10,356'043 ozs. fine gold.

And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was—12'793 dwts.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:

	7TH LEVEL—	8TH LEVEL—	9TH LEVEL—	10TH LEVEL—
Driving on Main Reef Leader, West	23 0			
Driving on South Reef, East and West		5 0		
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West		36 0		
Sinking Winzes		11 0		
Driving on South Reef, East and West			75 0	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West			49 0	
Sinking Winzes			116 0	
Cross-cutting			30 0	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West				22 0
"				367 0

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 14,608 tons. During the month 3,126 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 20 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16'183 per cent. of the total rock handled.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, Secretary.

Head Office, Johannesburg, January 9, 1899.

The **LISTS** will **OPEN** on **MONDAY**, February 20th, and **CLOSE** on or before **TUESDAY**, the 21st, for **TOWN**, and the following **Day** for **Country**.
NO PROMOTION MONEY. NO UNDERWRITING.

BARNUM AND BAILEY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898. Capital £400,000 in 400,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. **ISSUE** of 266,667 **SHARES** of £1 each, at a premium of 5s. per Share, payable as follows:—
2s. 6d. on Application.
7s. 6d. on Allotment.
15s. 0d. (including premium) on April 4th, 1899.

Making a total of 25s. 0d.

The Vendor stipulates for the allotment to himself on account of the purchase money of the remaining 133,333 Shares, at 25s., being the maximum amount allowed by the Rules of the Stock Exchange.

THE CERTIFIED PROFITS FOR THE YEAR JUST CLOSED AMOUNT TO OVER 24 PER CENT. ON THE WHOLE CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY.

DIRECTORS.
Jas. Anthony Bailey, the present sole Proprietor, Managing Director.
Jos. Terry McCaddon, }
Geo. Oscar Starr, } the present Associated Managers.

BANKERS.—Parr's Bank, Limited, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and all its Branches.

SOLICITORS.—Ellis, Munday and Clarke, College Hill Chambers, 23 College Hill, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Edward Moore and Sons, 3 Crosby Square, London, E.C.

BROKERS.—John Prust and Co., 37 Throgmorton Street, and the Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.—Russell C. Spurr.
Registered Offices.—3 Crosby Square, London, E.C.
ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring as a going concern the world-renowned Show known as "Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth," together with all its stock of railway cars, road vehicles, horses, animals, plant, stage and circus properties, contracts with artists, and prodigies, &c., &c., the exclusive right to the use throughout Great Britain and Europe of the name of Barnum and Bailey, and Mr. Bailey's interest in agreement for lease of his "Winter" or "Head" quarters premises specially erected for him at Stoke-on-Trent.

This Exhibition arrived in England from America in November, 1897, and opened for a season of 14 weeks at Olympia, London, on December 26th, 1897, during which period a net profit of £23,817 6s. 3d. was made: out of this sum, however (notwithstanding that the tenancy was for 14 weeks only), £12,655 7s. 3d. was expended on what under other circumstances would have been capital outlay, for permanent alterations to Olympia, such as the erection of a fireproof curtain, &c., to comply with the requirements of the London County Council.

That season terminated on the 2nd of April, 1898, and a provincial tour was commenced at Manchester on April 11th, 1898, and terminated at Stoke-on-Trent on November 12th, 1898, being a period of 31 weeks.

The profit upon this provincial tour amounted to £113,343 9s. 10d.

The net result for the year, therefore, is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Profit at Olympia				23,817	6	3
Profit on provincial tour				113,343	9	10
				£137,160	16	3
Less reserve for depreciation	10,000	0	0			
Less special construction account at Olympia (as above)	12,655	7	3			
				24,655	7	3

Actual net profit for the year £114,505 9 0
Mr. James A. Bailey, who is the sole owner of the Show, has his own service of railway cars (specially built for him), affording accommodation for the whole of the personnel, animals, and material of the Show.

It is proposed to continue the provincial exhibition in England during 1899 and 1900, commencing on April 10th next (the prospective route for 1899 including about sixty towns not yet visited), and profiting by the experience gained during the last season, an improved financial result is anticipated. Following this, it is proposed to make the first Continental tour in 1901 (to last for at least two years before returning to England), and the Directors have the utmost confidence that such Continental tour will prove a colossal success.

Mr. Bailey, by taking the post of Managing Director, will continue the direction of affairs as hitherto. Mr. McCaddon and Mr. Starr have both for many years assisted Mr. Bailey in the management, and their services being retained as Directors, the continued efficiency of the management is guaranteed; and as Mr. Bailey intends to present these gentlemen with at least 10,000 Shares each as a reward for their many years' services to him, they will thus have a substantial interest in the future success of the undertaking.

The books and accounts have been audited by Messrs. Edward Moore and Sons, Chartered Accountants, whose certificate confirms the figures given above.

The purchase price for the stock, plant, and appurtenances, railway cars, trading name for Europe, and goodwill, together with the benefit of the Agreement for lease of property at Stoke-on-Trent, the Agreements with the Railway Companies, and all Contracts with performers, staff, agents, &c., to be taken over as from April 8th, 1899, has been fixed by Mr. Bailey, the Vendor (who is the Promoter), at £450,000, payable as to £166,666 5s. by the issue of 133,333 fully-paid £1 Shares at 25s. each, and the remaining £283,333 15s. either in cash or at the option of the Directors as to the whole or any part thereof in Shares, at the issue price of 25s. The Vendor will pay all the expenses of the formation of the Company down to the first Allotment of Shares.

The only Contract relating to the formation of the Company that has been entered into is a Contract, dated February 13th, 1899, between James Anthony Bailey, the Vendor, of the one part, and this Company of the other part.

There are a large number of other Contracts relating to the Show business, such as Contracts with the artists, employees, tent maker, printers, Railway Companies, and the like, and Agreement for lease of premises at Stoke-on-Trent. The Company is not a party to any of these Contracts, none of which have any relation to or were entered into in contemplation of the formation of the Company, and, being too numerous to be inserted here, applicants must be deemed to waive the insertion of dates and names of the parties to any such Contracts, and, in order to prevent any question, must accept the foregoing as a sufficient compliance with Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or at the Offices of its Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

Dated 17th February, 1899.

This Form may be filled up and forwarded to the Company's Bankers.

BARNUM AND BAILEY (LIMITED). APPLICATION FORM.

To the Directors of BARNUM AND BAILEY (Limited).
Gentlemen,—Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £..... being the deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share due on Application for..... £1 Shares issued at the price of £1 5s. each, I hereby request you to allot me the same at such price, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any less amount allotted to me; and I agree to pay the instalments thereon as required in the terms of the Prospectus, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register in respect of such Shares.
And I agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any claims I may have against them for not more fully complying in the said Prospectus with the requirements of Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867.

Name (in full).....
Signature.....
Description.....
Address.....
Date..... 1899.
Please write very distinctly.

The Subscription Lists will be opened on Monday, 20th February, and closed on or before Thursday, 23rd February, both for Town and Country.

Each Allottee of 100 Shares or more in this Company will be entitled to a non-transferable Life Membership and Pass to the Aquarium and Winter Gardens.

The Life Membership and Pass will not be forfeited by the transfer of such shares.

The Brighton Aquarium and Winter Gardens, Limited.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.

CAPITAL:

£65,000 in 65,000 Shares of £1 each	...	£65,000
£40,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock	...	£40,000
		£105,000

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE INVITED FOR—
50,000 Shares of £1 each at par.
£30,000 Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock at £105 per cent.

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS:—

DEBENTURE STOCK.

£5 per cent. on Application.
£40 " " on Allotment.
£60 " " one month after Allotment.

£105

SHARES.

0 2 6 per Share on Application.
0 7 6 " " on Allotment.
0 10 0 " " one month after Allotment.

£1 0 0

The Debenture Stock will be issued and transferable in amounts of £10 and multiples thereof.

The Debenture Stock and the interest thereon will be secured by a First Mortgage to the Trustees of the Freehold property of the Company, and by a floating charge on its General Property, Assets, Goodwill and effects; and such Stock will be redeemable, at the option of the Company, upon Six months' previous notice on or at any time after the 1st January, 1910, at £110 per cent.

Interest thereon will be paid Half yearly on the 1st January and 1st July, and the first proportion of interest will be paid on the 1st July, 1899.

Applications have already been received for a large amount of Shares and Debenture Stock.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE STOCK-HOLDERS.
THE CREDIT ASSURANCE AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 10 King William Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS FOR THE TRUSTEES.
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DIRECTORS.
J. M. COTTRELL, Esq., Chairman The National Provincial Plate Glass Insurance Company, Limited.
MAJOR-GENERAL MALCOLMSON, C.B., Cyril Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.

*E. CAVENDISH MORTON, Esq., Chairman The British Chinese Railways Syndicate, Limited.
SIDNEY SMITH, Esq., Billiter Square Buildings, London, E.C.
PERCY WESTON, Esq., Little Thurlow, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

* Will join the Board after allotment.

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BROKERS.
Messrs. BUCKLER, NORMAN & CRISP, 11 Angel Court, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS.
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AUDITORS.
Messrs. W. B. PEAT & CO., 3 Lothbury, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.
G. A. GORDON, 18 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed (a) to acquire as a going concern the valuable Freehold property known as the "Brighton Aquarium," together with all licenses, easements, and other rights, and (b) to increase the attractions upon extended and liberal lines commensurate with the growing requirements and demands of inhabitants and visitors, as set forth in the Prospectus.

Prospectuses with Forms of Application for Debenture Stock and Shares can be obtained at the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, or at the Offices of the Company.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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No. 2,260, Vol. 87.

18 February, 1899.

GRATIS.

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SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON: 18 FEBRUARY, 1899.

A DOGMATIST AT PLAY.

"Down the Stream of Civilisation." By Wordsworth Donisthorpe. With 108 illustrations. London: Geo. Newnes. 1898.

THE facetious opening of the tourist notes which Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe has put together under the title of "Down the Stream of Civilisation," might suggest that he had forsaken those severe exercises in political speculation which have won him a place among the Hundred Minor Prophets of the Day. At the outset he is frankly, if not quite successfully comical, nor is there any suggestion of contemplated instructiveness. Seven friends—among them a Literary Failure, the author's playful name for himself—had agreed to go yachting in the Mediterranean. With one vote they declared that nothing could be more exhilarating than sailing through the Bay of Biscay. But when it came to the point, they one and all recollected some imperative reason for going to Marseilles overland. We are treated to frequent pleasantries on such recondite themes for jesting as sea-sickness, "chestnuts," and "Poker." How did that game come by its name? One of the party put this question to an American gentleman he met at Shephard's Hotel, Cairo.

"I believe," said he, "that Poker is a game which is a good deal played in America."

"Some," was the laconic reply.

"In that case, perhaps, you can tell me why Poker is called Poker?"

"What ails you, sir?" answered the Yankee. "If you are trying to get off your latest on me, I'm not dealing."

"Of course not, that is obvious," persisted his interlocutor. "I am not inviting you to play, but merely asking whether you can assign a reason for the name."

"Why," came the answer in crescendo tones, "why is Cricket called Cricket? Why are Cocktails called Cocktails? Why is anything called anything? I recommend you to consult a doctor, sir."

"And he did, but the doctor could not tell, because he did not know."

Mr. Donisthorpe is not often more inane than in the above passage. But once, at least, he beats it:—

"Get up, you lazy beast—Ajaccio is in sight, and the clock has just struck six," shouted the Hon. Sec. at Orlando's door.

"Why don't they strike him back?" groaned the Warrior, and turned over for another wink."

If the book consisted of such stale rubbish as this, it would not require any further notice in these columns than a few words of commendation to the great public who support the snippet literature of the day—the depressing and most evident result of Popular Education. But, for all his tedious clowning, Mr. Donisthorpe is a thoughtful and suggestive, if too dogmatic, writer. The cap and gown are more appropriate to him than the cap and bells. Perhaps he has assumed these antic airs in order to gain a wider hearing than he could get for his merely serious theories. It is a mistake, we think, in tactics, as well as in taste. Those who may be interested in his speculations will be disgusted by the pleasantries, while those who like his humour will skip the disquisitions. Yet he writes very well when he tries, and he generally does try when he is expounding what we believe to be wrongheaded views. His animating principles appear to be dislike of government, and contempt for religion—he is, in fact, a sort of toast-and-water Anarchist. Probably he would not hurt a fly; but in theory, at least, he would destroy most of the Institutions which he examined, and found wanting, in his jaunt Down the Stream of Civilisation. In a general way he finds it easy work to give his verdicts—any taint of authority or "superstition" is enough to justify condemnation. The difficulty begins when, by chance, his two animosities cross each other. At Constantinople, for instance, he set himself conscientiously to investigate the massacre of Armenians in that city. But his sympathy with the victims as rebels was at variance with his antipathy against them as Christians, while his hatred of the Turks as oppressors was modified by admiration for their contempt of the Cross. The result—for once—was a suspense of judgment. A Greek who could have given long odds to Baron Munchausen put the number of killed at 12,500; a Turkish official estimated the casualties between 50 and 60: a Jew pedlar said the precise figure was 1,120. "Clare had no difficulty," we are told, "in accepting the Greek's estimate. The Hon. Sec. thought the Turk had erred, if at all, on the side of exaggeration, while no one attached the slightest credence to the Jew, from which circumstance we may conclude that his version was most likely the true one—or at any rate the truest."

A flying visit to Rome impels our author to set the modern world right with regard to the persecutions of the Christians. This he does by adopting all the charges made against the early Christians—scandals about the Agapæ included. He puts forward as his authority the Fathers of the Church, forgetting that the witnesses whom he calls testify that the

Love Feasts were carried on for three centuries without offence, but "in after times" the heathen "began to tax them with impurity." The severities practised under Diocletian do indeed just fall within the fourth century, but those previous cannot be accounted for by misconduct such as Mr. Donisthorpe attributes to the victims. He cannot appeal to Pagan indictments because he has expressly declined to "cite any but Christian evidence in support of these charges." His value as a critic appears from his reference to Tacitus as an "impartial" historian. It is true enough that on this particular question the embittered rhetorician had no personal motive for taking sides; but his testimony is, we submit, somewhat impaired by the fact that he was quite unaware of any distinction existing between Jews and Christians. The latter, Mr. Donisthorpe says, were in Nero's time "not unreasonably suspected" of setting fire to Rome. The charge was made, we know, but no evidence was produced either at the time or afterwards. After this he writes with an air of learning—which might impose on the public to whom he appeals with his gossipy travel notes—on the duties of the "candid critic." We admit that a real difficulty exists as to the persistent persecution of the Christians by Rulers who, as Mr. Donisthorpe says, were conspicuously tolerant of all religious creeds and practices except such as tended to undermine the morals and social life of the people. He might have gone further than this. They did not draw the line even where he suggests. The orgiastic rites and mysteries introduced from Egypt, Syria, and Thrace were, indeed, reprobated in Rome, but no systematic attempt was made to put them down by law. Christianity must have been singled out for repression because—for reasons which are not altogether clear—the Emperors and their chief agents and advisers believed that this particular creed was incompatible with loyalty to the sovereign claims of Rome. The circumstances and presumptions which gave rise to this belief have been discussed by many writers on the period, but, though they have explained something, it cannot be said that the subject has been exhausted. There remains plenty of scope for unprejudiced investigation. But the strong views expressed in this book show little sign of reflection, none of research.

It is a pity, we think, that Mr. Donisthorpe—who acquits himself creditably enough in abstract speculation—has so often got out of his depth by attempting to deal with concrete history. Mohammedanism he defines as a "variety of Christianity." After pointing out the beliefs common to both faiths, he remarks that "Catholicism"—the European form of Christianity—has "gravitated towards external idolatry," while the Southern or Mohammedan form has "gravitated towards internal ecstasy." The antithesis has, of course, a show of plausibility; it is partly true of a single aspect of each of the two religions. But Mr. Donisthorpe is apparently under the impression that he has summed up the whole case—and left out nothing worth consideration—when he has referred to the "imbecilities of Lourdes," the "inanities of the purgatorial staircase at Rome," and to the "bestial antics and gruntings of dancing and howling Dervishes." In so far as the two religions are pure, he declares them to be identical—a remark which shows a fairly comprehensive ignorance of each. Probably all that he means is that in all the religions which have been followed by progressive peoples there is a common element of morality. But he need not have gone abroad to make that discovery. It is a nice question, sometimes,

How much a dunce who has been sent to roam

Excels a dunce who has been kept at home.

To return to Mr. Donisthorpe, we are informed that the difference between Christianity and Mohammedanism is but a difference in degradation. "The one shows us Monotheism tricked out in the childish trinketry of a dead mythology—Greek, Latin, and Teutonic. The other shows it steeped in the sermons and intoxicating mysticism of decadent Alexandrian philosophers and Persian dreamers. There is no health in either." Let us pass over Mr. Donisthorpe's history—we will concede him his Western "trinketry" and his Eastern "mysticism." In what sense, we should like to know, does he use the word "health"? At what point in his journeyings did he discover any signs of the imminent collapse of either of these fairly ancient and seemingly popular faiths? Is it wise of an Individualist to scoff at doctrines for their supposed lack of vitality? His own little creed—compact and cocksure as it is—was scarcely heard of before the beginning of the present century. Already it has been almost universally abandoned.

AN ARTIST'S MEMORIES.

"Sketches from Memory." By G. A. Storey, A.R.A. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

Those who know Mr. G. A. Storey will, as they turn the leaves of this bright but unpretentious collection of artistic and personal reminiscences, recognise the man in every line. His kind heart, keen observation, and ever-ready humour, so near akin to the pathos underlying his nature and his work, are all evident in these entertaining pages, the charm of which is enhanced by many dainty illustrations. Young Storey's artistic faculties showed themselves at a very early age, and his various

scribbles and sketches on stray bits of note-paper led to his being taken by a friend to the studio of Behnès, the sculptor, a man of some note in his day. It was at Behnès' rooms, where he was allowed to make models, or to draw from casts whenever he liked, that the lad first saw Charles Dickens. Whilst waiting for the sculptor one morning, Dickens was evidently highly amused at the sight of a small boy sitting in front of the gigantic foot of the Farnese Hercules, with a bun on one side of him and a lump of clay on the other, striving to "thumb" into shape an enormous toe. Dickens, who was then a lively and handsome young man, patted little Storey on the head, and said many kind things to him, and it was only when he had left the studio that the lad knew who it was. His delight was great, for it was his own childish sketches of the "Immortal Pickwickians" which led to his being taken to Behnès' studio.

Young Storey's first school was at Morden Hall, in Surrey, where of course he made friends, and was happy; he could not help it; such seemed to be—and is—his purpose in life! From Morden he went to Paris, and was placed under the charge of a M. Morand, who kept "a sort of mixed establishment, half boarding-house and half school," for the purpose of preparing pupils for St. Cyr. He arrived in Paris at a very eventful period, just before the outbreak of the revolution of 1848. Living with the Morands through the whole of that exciting time, he rapidly became very cosmopolitan indeed. He was fortunate in having for his drawing-master a M. Dulong, who trained him patiently, and taught him to begin at the foot of the ladder and climb upwards! At this time Storey had no thought of adopting an art career—he, as yet, looked upon drawing and painting as a delightful amusement, especially when M. Dulong obtained for him the privilege of copying in the Louvre. So, in spite of revolution and bloodshed, his life in Paris as a boy passed brightly enough, and, at the end of 1849, he returned to England, leaving his French friends with the deepest regret. Even to this day "Old Paris" has a great charm for him, his adaptive nature having absorbed its picturesqueness, as well as rendered him fully alive to the attractions of its artistic inhabitants. It was to Charles Robert Leslie, R.A., that the young student first took his portfolio of "things" he had done in Paris. One evening Mrs. Leslie brought in some drawings done by her daughter Mary to show him. She described them as possessing "taste with faithfulness;" these words sank deep into Storey's mind, and his work afterwards showed how well he understood them. At the Leslie's he met the three Landseers—then at their zenith—and members of the brilliant band of young painters with Millais at their head then coming to the front, whose ranks he longed to join. Three parts of this delightful volume are occupied with unique sketches of Spanish life, the outcome of his long sojourn in Spain. On his return to England, he found that his band of comrades had gone on well ahead, but it was some time yet before he himself made his mark. He loved his art well, however, and recognition came in 1873, when his picture of "Mistress Dorothy" caught the public eye, and gave him a name. Mr. Storey has the happy faculty of drawing out "every man's best." He is ever sympathetic with those less professionally fortunate than himself. If it has now become inevitable that men who are not in the front rank should publish their reminiscences, then their chief excuse must be such discretion and kindliness as mark this volume.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

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 "Vor den Sturm" (Aloys Weiss). Macmillan.

Stormonth's Handy School Dictionary is a useful book of reference for those pupils who do not possess an English-foreign dictionary. But why a table of appendices should be considered necessary, while one of prefixes is regarded as superfluous, is difficult to understand. Pitman's Rapid Series embraces all sorts and conditions of books and subjects, from German Shorthand to Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme;" some are very good, but of others of the Rapid Series it may be said "more haste worse speed," as the pupil is taken along too quickly. In the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," for instance, the notes are too often cryptic in their brevity, not to say misleading: thus the phrase "he comes" is described as colloquial

English in the sentence "you shall hear it when he comes." Surely this is the purest pedantry.

The chief defect in "Der Neffe als Onkel" is the smallness of the print, which is very trying to the eyes. "German Business Interviews" strikes one as a thoroughly practical compilation. The same may be said of the "French Business Letters," though perhaps a better beginning might have been made with an ordinary business letter than with a lawyer's letter. Another eminently practical book is the brochure on German shorthand, with instructions in English and German. "Allerlei: Tit-bits in German," is a book that is intended to teach colloquial German in a desultory fashion by means of anecdotes, many of which are worthy of the "Fliegende Blätter." The following is no unfavourable specimen:—*Englishman*: "The sun does not set in our empire; he shines for ever on English ground." *Zulu*: "I suppose God does not want to leave the English in the dark—he does not trust them." "Examinations in German, and how to pass them," is a compilation with which we have little sympathy, as it is a mere aid to cramming. A far more useful book is "Economie Domestique," though it seems rather incongruous to have a French book with the table of contents in English.

It is no mean achievement to compress the geography of Africa within the compass of 100 pages, but this is what Mr. Lionel Tyde has contrived to do. There are, however, some notable omissions. No indication is given of the countries to which Mauritius, Réunion, or the Seychelles belong, not to mention the South Atlantic islands. Events, too, in the Soudan have rendered the political history of Egypt out of date. Khartoum, indeed, is mentioned, but no reference is made to the recent occupation. In his efforts to be brief, the author is somewhat obscure; thus he talks of "a lake irrigated from the curious Bahr Yusuf;" this can only make the ordinary schoolboy wonder what is a Bahr, and why this particular Bahr is curious. Still an attempt is made to insist on essential facts, and unimportant details are rigorously avoided. Another excellent book is "English Prose for Junior and Senior Classes," which contains selections from Scott and Stevenson. We welcome this book as a valuable aid towards making English literature more popular among schoolboys, and giving it the proper position it should hold in the school curriculum. We must confess to believing that English is best learnt through the medium of the best English. We are not so sure of the need of studying so fully the English grammar. A modicum of parsing and a judicious course in analysis are no doubt excellent things, but the study of grammar, and especially of English grammar, tends, like the study of formal logic, from which it springs, to the mere cramming up of a mass of scholastic terms. Mr. Nesfield has produced an English grammar that contains many good points, but we are fain to break a lance with him at the very outset over his definition of a sentence "as a combination of words." Surely such words as "Fire!" "Go!" are in themselves sentences. It is useless to say they are elliptical, as with "go" no one thinks of the word "thou," but at most of the idea "thou," and Mr. Nesfield is careful to point out that the subject is not "what we think about" (*i.e.* the idea), but the *word or words denoting* what we speak about. We strongly sympathise with Mr. Nesfield's protest against paraphrasing, a process which only a pedant's soul could have ever conceived. It is a far cry from paraphrasing to German translation. The "Vor den Sturm" of Theodor Fontane has been well edited by a Dr. Aloys Weiss in Siepmann's German series. It is an excellent idea of the general editor to introduce into English schools the almost unknown works of such distinguished German writers as Grillparzer, Rosegger, and Fontane. The latter has, for a German, a singularly lucid style, due no doubt in part to his French origin. The print of the book is excellent, and the notes judicious. The English for re-translation at the end of the book is a first-rate idea. It embodies the German method of using the reading-book as the centre for teaching composition and grammar. In fact, the tendency of to-day is more and more to look on grammars as books of reference.

SCIENCE MANUALS.

1. "Recent Advances in Astronomy." By Alfred H. Fison, D.Sc. London: Blackie and Son.
 2. "Mathematical and Physical Tables." By Wrafoor and Gee. London: Macmillan and Co.
 3. "Class-Book of Physical Geography." By W. Hughes, F.R.G.S.; revised and re-written by R. A. Gregory, F.R.A.S. London: George Philip and Son.
 4. "A New Sequel to Euclid." By W. J. Dilworth, M.A. London: Blackie and Son.
 5. "Advanced Inorganic Chemistry." By J. H. Bailey, D.Sc. (The Organised Science Series.) London: W. B. Clive.
 6. "A Text-Book of Botany." By J. M. Lowson. (The University Tutorial Series.) London: W. B. Clive.
 7. "A Manual of Psychology." Vol. 1. By G. F. Stout, M.A. (The University Tutorial Series.) London: W. B. Clive.
- (1) "Recent Advances in Astronomy" is a book probably founded on University Extension Lectures. The matter could

not be better, the various points are well put, the arrangement is logical, and scientific difficulties are elucidated with admirable clearness. On the other hand, the style reads at times like a bad translation from the German, notably the opening sentences of Chapters I. and IV. As the chapters are quite disconnected, it would be better not to start a new chapter on the same page, as in the case of Chapter IV. (2) "Mathematical and Physical Tables for the use of Students in Technical Schools and Colleges" seem exactly to fulfil their purpose. Print, paper, and general arrangement are all first-class. (3) Hughes' "Class-Book of Physical Geography" has been quite brought up to date by its new editor, Professor Gregory. It is, however, rather a book for the teacher than the solitary student, who might find its pages too heavy and condensed. It gives adequate space to astronomical questions and makes a full study of meteorology. Weather is a subject of such constant interest that it probably forms the best gateway into physical geography for junior classes. The book might be better from the teacher's point of view if the scattered references to books and papers given in the notes were collected in an appendix. (4) Dilworth's "New Sequel to Euclid" will be useful alike to the private student and the teacher who wishes to put his class through a connected and well thought out plan of geometry. But we cannot agree with the author's dictum, that three books of Euclid should be mastered before any riders are attempted except the simplest corollaries to the propositions of Euclid. Surely, if anywhere there is scope for the Heuristic method, it is in geometry. (5) Bailey's "Advanced Inorganic Chemistry" is unfortunately a book with a purpose, but the matter of the prescribed syllabus has been on the whole intelligently treated. The book suggests the atmosphere of the laboratory, and experiments are often indicated, though not quite fully enough explained. The idea of describing manufacturing processes fully is fairly well carried out, but the author is somewhat sparing in diagrams. There is a little confusion from the reader's point of view between the name of the two soda processes on p. 145 seq. Lawson's (6) "Text-Book of Botany" is not an educational work, but rather a "cram" book for passing examinations at short notice. There is a lavish use, not to say abuse, of technical terms which must discourage any but the most ardent crammer-up of subjects. If there must be cramming, let the would-be "parsee" stick to Scott's "Structural Botany," and forswear works of this kind, in which the diagrams given are all on the same scale, and the reader cannot tell whether they are magnified or "minified," or to what extent. Thus a pollen grain and a leaf are presumably of the same size according to the sketches given. One really helpful idea is carried out at the end of the book, where the author gives a list of Greek and Latin roots used in botany. Of Mr. Stout's (7) "Manual of Psychology" it is unnecessary to speak except in terms of praise. There is a refreshing absence of sketchiness about the book, and a clear desire manifested to interest the student in the subject rather than to help some ignoramus of an "examinee" to bluff his examiners.

THE SPRING PUBLISHING SEASON.

Biography, Religion, and the Novel figure prominently in the lists of forthcoming books. Messrs. Macmillan are preparing a cheaper edition of the "Life of Lord Tennyson," as well as a popular issue of part of the late Poet Laureate's work; and Messrs. Longmans have in the press biographies of William Morris and Francis Turner Palgrave—the first by J. W. Mackail, and the other by Gwenllian Palgrave, daughter of the late editor of "The Golden Treasury." Importance may attach to the letters written by Thomas Carlyle to his sister (Mrs. Hanning), which Mr. C. T. Copeland has edited for Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They may help some of us to regain that feeling for "the master" which Mr. Ruskin cherishes even now in the twilight at Brantwood, but which Froude, Miss Jewsbury, and others have done so much (with fine courage on the one hand and bitterness aforethought on the other) to shatter. "The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant," edited by Mrs. Coghill, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood in March.

Several memoirs of eminent churchmen are promised very shortly. One, of Bishop Durnford, by the present Dean of Winchester, will be issued by Mr. Murray, who has also in hand a memoir of Dr. Liddell, by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, now an Oxford vicar and formerly student and censor of Dean Liddell's College, Christchurch. Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke's memoir of the late Duchess of Teck is also announced by Mr. Murray. Mr. W. E. Manners' book, on the "Life and Campaigns of Commander-in-Chief the Marquis of Granby" (temp. Georges II. and III.), which Messrs. Macmillan promise almost immediately, should be acceptable, not only to the military student, but also to all who are interested in the social phases of the early Georgian epoch. Apropos of the Georges, Mr. Nimmo's handsome twelve-volume library issue of the works of Burke has just been completed. The Napoleonic revival in Paris has a sort of miniature reflection in the English book world. The stream of English reminiscences of the Man of Destiny is not yet stemmed. Sir Arthur Wilson, K.C.I.E., of the India Office,

has edited for Messrs. Innes a volume called "A Diary of St. Helena, 1816-17." This diary was written by Lady Pulteney Malcolm, and contains an almost verbatim note of conversations between that lady's husband and Napoleon, at the time when Sir P. Malcolm was Commander of the Cape Station. The MS. of the Diary has been in the possession of the Elphinstone family. Messrs. Nisbet have a biography of Danton in hand, by M. Hilaire Belloc, who promises the first complete study of Danton based on original documents.

Messrs. Putnams are about to add to their "Heroes of the Nations" series a new volume on Bismarck by J. W. Headlam, M.A.; a book entitled "Cromwell as a Soldier," from the pen of Major Baldock, R.A. is to form the next addition to the Wolsey Series (Kegan Paul), and a new and cheap edition of Dr. Samuel Church's "Life of Cromwell" will be published shortly by Messrs. Putnams. For the same publishers a biographical survey, in four octavo volumes, of American Politics from the Inauguration of Jefferson to the Close of the Nineteenth Century has been prepared by Moses Coit Tyler. What promises to be a valuable history of the Spanish-American War, written by the war leaders themselves, will be published by Messrs. Gay and Bird. The American and Cuban leaders contribute to the book: to make it complete, General Blanco and Admiral Cervera should be included. Miss Helen Zimmern, the translator of Bismarck's Memoirs, has done into English, for Messrs. Innes, Ferrero's important book on "Militarism," a book dealing with the whole system of standing armies up to date. A work of kindred interest, though of less ambitious scope, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title of "The New Leviathan; or, the World at Peace." The author is J. A. Farrer.

Who are the actual living representatives of the sixty English princesses (commencing with the daughters of William the Conqueror) who have issue surviving to the present day? A four-volume work, designed by Henry Murray Lane, the Chester Herald, to set this knotty problem and its affinities at rest, is about to be issued by Messrs. Innes. Vol. I. is likely to appear this month, and Vol. IV. next October. The title chosen is "The Royal Daughters of England." Next week Mr. Heinemann will publish the "Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain," a work giving glimpses of Spanish and French Court life in the early part of the eighteenth century, and demonstrating the power of a woman who could stand alone against Europe and could also shine in the softer atmosphere of the social circle. The book will contain numerous reproductions of contemporary portraits. A work that has now become exceedingly rare, the "French Memoirs" of Lady Jackson, which deals with divers periods and phases of French history and customs from the time of Henry of Navarre to that of Louis Philippe, is being re-issued by Mr. Nimmo in fourteen volumes at six guineas net to subscribers. New type and new plates are features of this delightful reprint, which is copyright by arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan.

Theological works on the point of publication include Canon Gore's "Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans" (Murray); "The Episcopate of Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews" by Dr. John Wordsworth (Longmans); and "The Constitutional Authority of Bishops in the Catholic Church," by Dr. Wirgman (Longmans). Messrs. Methuen announce the inaugural volumes of two new series—Byzantine Texts and Oxford Commentaries—in (1) "The Ecclesiastical History of Evagrius," edited by Professor Bury and two Belgian scholars, MM. Bidez and Parmentier; and (2) "The Book of Job," edited by Dr. Gibson, Vicar of Leeds. A work on "The Lord's Supper," by the Bishop of Worcester, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. Canon Jelf, of Rochester, will issue, through Messrs. Innes, a book, entitled "Messiah Cometh: the Witness, the Welcome, and the Warning of the Old Testament." Mr. James Bowden has almost ready for publication a work by a rising Congregational minister (the Rev. E. Griffith-Jones) dealing, under the title of "The Ascent Through Christ," with the doctrine of evolution in its relation to Christianity. Messrs. Blackwood have in active preparation an important new edition of Professor Campbell Fraser's "Philosophy of Theism." To the "Heroes of the Reformation" series Messrs. Putnams will, in March, add a volume on "Theodore Beza (1519-1605)," by H. M. Baird.

Among forthcoming educational works, Mr. Henry Frowde announces Demosthenes' "Oration on the Crown," with introduction and notes by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. To the International Scientific Series, issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co., will shortly be added a volume entitled "On Buds and Stipules," by Sir John Lubbock. Messrs. Bell promise an exceptionally interesting series of "Handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. Mr. Lane has nearly ready "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley," edited with an introduction by Mr. H. C. Marillier.

Mr. Richard Marsh's new book "Frivolities" (James Bowden) will be addressed to "persons who are tired of being serious," or more probably to those who seldom are so.

Mr. T. H. S. Escott is about to make a departure through Messrs. Greening with a social satire entitled "A Trip to Paradoxia." A volume of travel essays by "Vernon Lee"

called "Genius Loci" is promised by Mr. Grant Richards. Messrs. Chapman and Hall are preparing a pocket edition of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

"The Musician's Pilgrimage: a Study in Artistic Development," by J. A. Fuller-Maitland, M.A., the musical critic of the "Times," will be issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co. on 25 February. "Work and Life: a Study of the Social Problem," by J. A. Hobson; and "Woman as Citizen," by Miss Evelyn March Phillips (Innes), are two books likely to prove in keeping with the spirit of the time.

A book describing the Holland of to-day, from the pen of David S. Meldrum, will be issued on 1 March by Messrs. Blackwood, who will shortly add a volume on "Roxburgh, Peebles and Selkirk," by Sir George Douglas, Bart., to their County Histories of Scotland. To their Isthmian Library, Messrs. Innes will add two volumes—(1) "Tennis and Racquets," by Eustace H. Miles, and (2) "Small Boat Sailing," by E. F. Knight.

Messrs. Stevens and Sons have in the press Vol. XVIII. and XIX. of "Campbell's Ruling Cases." The same publishers also announce a fourth edition of "Sebastian on the Law of Trade Marks," by L. B. Sebastian, and a sixth edition of "Steer's Parish Law," by W. H. Macnamara.

Paris, apparently, entertains the idea that London (or for that matter England) is producing no good fiction. Perhaps, however, our critics across the Channel may find something to entertain them in the host of new novels promised shortly. "The Lunatic at Large," by Mr. J. Storer Clouston, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish, is by a new writer who seems to have written on somewhat new lines. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who is regarded by many acute critics as now entering the promised land of popular applause, has written a novel called "A Daughter of the Vine" (Service and Paton). Mr. Morley Roberts' new novel "A Son of Empire" will be issued by Messrs. Hutchinson. "The Passing of Prince Rozan," from the pen of Mr. John Bickerdyke, is a romance of the sea and the city. Mr. Thomas Burleigh is the publisher. "Frank Redland, Recruit," by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, is among Mr. John Long's forthcoming novels.

A new Sixpenny Art Magazine, called "The Butterfly," will make its appearance on 1 March from the office of Mr. Grant Richards.

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